IN ARGOLIS

GEORGE HORTON

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/inargolis0000geor

Marie Luise Lora
Lemin 20 Jun 1904.

HERE STOOD THE TEMPLE WHERE DEMOSTHENES DIED

IN ARGOLIS

BY GEORGE HORTON

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTING OF FATHER ANTHONY," "LIKE ANOTHER HELEN," "MODERN ATHENS." WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY DR. EBEN ALEXANDER, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREECE. ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY, CHICAGO
MDCCCCII

Copyright, 1902, *by A. C. McClurg & Company*

Published September 20, 1902

D. B. Updike, The Merrymount Press, Boston

ILLUSTRATIONS

HERE STOOD THE TEMPLE WHERE DEMOSTHENES DIED — FRONTISPIECE

A VILLAGE STREET — FACING PAGE 6

DOORWAY IN VILLAGE HOUSE — 18

GARLIC MERCHANT — 26

CAIQUE — 40

FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING OVER STRAIT IN BOATS — 58

FUNERAL PROCESSION LANDED FROM BOATS — 60

BREAD MERCHANT—PRIEST PASSING — 68

POROS — 86

WAITING FOR BRIDAL PROCESSION — 94

RESTING — 138

FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE STREET — 152

TAKING A SMOKE BY THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN — 154

HAULING IN THE FISH-NET — 174

STREET SCENE — 180

HIS HONOR THE DEMARCH — 224

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Average persons (how many of us there are!) know rather more about the Greece of Pericles than about the Greece of King George. This ignorance is not due to lack of interest. Most persons of a reasonable degree of culture usually have in their hearts an interest almost affectionate in the little country whose people once did so much to make the world wiser and better and pleasanter to live in, by creating and perfecting a literature and an art which are as beautiful and full of life to-day as they were thousands of years ago. There are some good things that never grow old.

The world sometimes remembers, too, that it was the Greeks who drove back the barbarians of the East, and made civilized life possible for the rest of Europe.

But Greece is far away, and not many of us see it for ourselves,—almost none of us long and intimately enough to know truly the land and the people. One stays a week in Athens, makes hurried visits to Marathon, Eleusis, Corinth, Mycenæ, Delphi, Olympia, and writes a book. People read it, and

learn some things about these places that they already knew fairly well. They perhaps learn other things,—as that Greece contains almost exactly the same number of square miles as West Virginia; that hotels in the cities are surprisingly good, while the village inns are often deplorably bad; that the national debt is extremely large for a country so small; and that the main crop is currants. It will be a pity if they do not learn also that our latest tariff law imposed an import duty of about one hundred per cent ad valorem *on these currants, for the protection of the raisin-growers of California.*

One of the many good things about Mr. Horton's "In Argolis" is its lack of the usual statistics. The only figures in it are those used in numbering the pages. And the reader will wish for more of these.

It is hard to see how any other barbarian could have written this book,—not even the thirty-first chapter, in which Kyrios Douzinas buys a fish. The author knows Greece,—the country itself, its glorious history, its splendid literature, its language old and new, its people and their ways of life. He has, very

wisely, refrained from attempting to cover the whole ground in this one book, choosing rather to describe the simple life of lovely Poros, where the divine sea sparkles at one's feet, and the air is sweet with blossoms of orange and of lemon; where nightingales are always singing, and groves of aged olives give classic dignity to fields gay with poppies and anemones.

The poet of "Aphróessa" chose this place naturally and rightly. It was at Poros, the ancient Calauria, that Demosthenes killed himself. It must have been hard for him to leave forever a spot so beautiful in Poseidon's temple. If he had been spending some time at one of the village inns of to-day, he might have given up life with some degree of cheerfulness.

In quiet places like Poros, where day-dreams are not interrupted by the rush of modern life, one may almost bring back the ancient time. In Athens, this is not so easy. Still, it is possible, as one looks down on the city from Lykabettos at twilight. Or if he gets away from the new city, and stands in the road that runs along the southern side of the Acropolis, with the soft moonlight healing the scars of ruined build-

ings, a good dreamer can summon the shades. Near by are the prison of Socrates, the Pnyx, the Areopagus (why do we ever call it Mars' Hill? Mars never had anything to do with it, and it is not a hill, it is the Rock of Ares), the Acropolis with its stately Propylæa, the little Nike temple, and the Parthenon; and yonder is the Theatre of Dionysus. At such a time the shades may come,—Socrates, Phidias, Demosthenes, St. Paul, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Pericles, and countless others. Aristophanes and Lucian are very fond of coming; and I think that Menander might be there too,—but our letters of introduction are lost.

But our dream here may be rudely interrupted, and memory recalled to the immediate present, by the necessity of jumping out of the way of an automobile.

The country and people of King George are worth knowing for what they are and are doing, as well as for what the old Greeks were and did. No nation has ever made such marvellous progress, and under so many disadvantages. We should remember that it is only about seventy years since Greece freed herself

from four hundred years of awful slavery, in comparison with which slavery as known in the United States was freedom itself. Schools were quickly established. There is an excellent system of education, from primary school to university; there are many miles of railroads, built and building; lighthouses, protecting a coast-line twelve times as long, in proportion to the areas of the two countries, as that of France; the Corinth Canal; public roads, better than in most of our States, from Thessaly to Sparta; a form of government perfectly adapted to the people, who have never in all their history taken kindly to being governed at all; a literature that makes it worth while to learn Greek, at least for those who will not be disappointed to find that writers of to-day do not equal those of the time of Pericles; hospitals, reform schools, and other charitable institutions, under the wise supervision of good Queen Olga; the best-arranged museums to be found anywhere in Europe, to which, in their pride, the authorities do not allow admission fees to be charged.

Greece is very much alive. All these things, and more, have been done by a people who are desperately

poor, and out of whose poverty almost every nation in Europe makes more or less money.

Scholars who visit Greece have no difficulty in reading the newspapers, but do not at once understand the spoken language,—partly because their training has been confined to reading, partly because of the artificial system of pronunciation in use almost everywhere. They conclude, therefore, that there are two distinct languages, the written and the spoken. To some extent, this is true of all languages. London cabmen do not always talk as the editor of "The Times" writes. Nor does the editor himself. To illustrate how nearly alike modern and ancient Greek are: I read the other day a letter, written by a Greek to his brother who is spending some time in prison for taking into his own hands the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The writer was almost illiterate. His grammar was untidy, and most of the words were misspelled. A Greek word misspelled has a funny appearance, like a bishop in a clown's clothes. It was a long letter, but there were only three words in it that Xenophon could have failed to recognize, while

St. Paul would probably have known all but one. That was σόδα-φάον, *which is good American.*

But "In Argolis" awaits the Gentle Reader. Even the gentlest of readers may grow impatient.

EBEN ALEXANDER,
Late U. S. Minister to Greece.

IN ARGOLIS. I

I HAVE often thought that the simple history of any family, if properly told, would be as interesting as a romance. For one thing, such distantly connected and seemingly irrelevant causes combine to produce results! These, united with the consequent mental effects, lead us to decide, for example, whether or not we shall give up the grocery business and study theology; whether we shall buy a farm and get married, or invest in provisions and set out for the Klondike; whether we shall continue in the insurance business, or start a weekly paper in Oklahoma and perhaps turn up after a few years in the United States Senate.

The unravelling of causes is a most fascinating amusement, which can be extended backward at pleasure, and branches off in all directions like a genealogical tree.

The two immediate causes which sent us to Poros, the first week in March, 1898, were William McKinley, President of the United States, and an innocent three-months-old baby, known to the Greek servants as "the Babycoula." Now what two things could be more dissimilar in every way? And yet they united to produce just this result.

In Argolis

Mr. McKinley, exercising his indisputable right, removed the father from office at a time when the Babycoula was unable to cross the Atlantic; Poros was near to Athens; a good house was obtainable there, and the wild flowers and blossoming trees heralded the approach of early spring. After a family council, in which the Babycoula unconsciously took part by figuring as the chief consideration in every discussion, we decided to leave the Piræus on a little steamer advertised to sail the next day at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Early in the morning, two villainous looking Greeks appeared before the Consulate. Each was the proprietor of a ramshackle wagon of the *dachshund* type, with long thills, at the extreme end of which a framework of bones bearing some resemblance to a horse was attached by a complicated combination of ropes and straps. The fact that the animals each had four legs, "one on each corner" as the schoolboy expressed it in his essay, was all that kept them from falling over.

The loading of a motley assortment of furniture and bedding began immediately and continued noisily and profanely until noon. And right here a word may be admissible as to the

character of Greek profanity. It has nothing in it like the short sulphurous thunder-clap of the Anglo-Saxon "Damn," neither is it capable of the picturesque effects and imaginative flights attainable in English; but for hair-raising blasphemy, Greek profanity is unapproachable. The commonest oaths of the Greek Christian are insults to Divinity such as captains on the Erie Canal never use when their lines cross; they are hideous outrages of speech such as a Nevada sheep-herder could not use without expecting the earth to open and swallow him. *In Argolis*

The ramshackle wagons were finally loaded to an immense height, and the equine skeletons were set in motion; their owners accomplishing this seemingly impossible task by walking in front of the beasts and holding a wisp of hay a short distance ahead of their noses. It was a classical expedient, no doubt borrowed from the myth of Tantalus. Hunger being stronger than weariness, the poor things advanced. Moreover, from Athens to Piræus is down-hill.

The wagons were loaded in true Greek style. On the pinnacle of one perched precariously a dry-goods box that had been metamorphosed into a temporary poultry-coop. A partition through

In Argolis

the middle separated ten little chickens from eleven little ducks, each brood presided over by an anxious hen.

Before the departure of the caravan, I made an earnest and persistent effort to induce my two desperadoes to give me some idea of what they considered to be the pecuniary value of their services.

"What do you want for taking these goods to the Piræus?"

"Whatever your honor's generosity prompts you to give."

"But I may give too little!"

"Impossible!" with low bows. "We have perfect confidence in your excellency."

"But I want to know beforehand, so that there will be no dispute."

"Dispute, your highness! Whatever you give, there will be no dispute. The honor of serving your highness is in itself enough. *Addio, addio.* You will be satisfied, and we shall be deeply grateful. *Addio.*"

"But hold on a minute—"

"*Addio!* We are delighted to serve your eminence. Let not the question of money arise between us. It grieves us."

I preceded them by rail, accompanied by Maria Berseres, the cook, who was to take an inventory of the goods as they were put on board the steamer. *In Argolis*

Maria wore a hat top-heavy with red feathers, and carried under her arm the good genius of the house, — an enormous red rooster, familiarly known as Abrocomas. He was a fierce-looking biped, with spurs like those worn by climbers of telegraph poles; yet he was in reality the gentlest cock that ever crew. Wonder not, reader, that Chanticleer was especially guarded by the queen of the kitchen, nor deem that such care had any reference to future pot-pies. The rooster in Greece is considered a bird of good omen, and his cheery matutinal chant is supposed to exorcise the Iskios and other malignant spirits that lurk about hallways o' dark nights. Perhaps some learned man can give us reasons for the potency of the common barn-yard fowl. The speech of dying Socrates is to the point; and a Chinaman tells truth only when sworn by the blood of a chicken.

The cat also is a lucky animal among the modern Greeks, and every Christian of them knows why. A certain famous bishop was admin-

In Argolis

istering the Sacrament; a mouse ran across the table, and was about to jump into the holy wine, when puss miraculously appeared and caught the tiny heathen. Ever since then, cats have been considered clean animals, and their presence in churches has been looked upon with approval. A dog, on the other hand, is supposed to desecrate the holy edifice, and woe to the canine who follows his master into church! Everybody within reach kicks at the poor brute, and I have often seen a howling dog come flying like a foot-ball out of the church door.

Our Thomas cat, Canellas, should have accompanied Abrocomas to Poros; but, true to feline instinct, the same the world over, he disappeared as soon as the first preparations to move began, and did not reappear until several days after my successor in office had become thoroughly installed.

My two desperadoes did not reach Piræus until two hours after the departure of the steamer "Ægina." Being greatly fatigued with their labors of the morning, they had halted at several convenient khans to rest and refresh themselves. Maria, Abrocomas, and I finally lost patience standing on the wharf, and repaired to a restau-

A VILLAGE STREET

rant. We seated ourselves, and established leg connection between Abrocomas and the table, by means of a string, politely furnished by the waiter. *In Argolis*

We were in the middle of our *pièce de résistance*, a huge goat's head, when the dilatory desperadoes arrived, accompanied by half a dozen boatmen. The latter surrounded the table and began shouting at the top of their voices, each urging his claim to the right of putting my things on board another steamer that lay in the harbor and that would set sail early next morning. One was an Athenian by birth, and had known my predecessor in the Consulate. Another had once taken the American Minister over to the island of Ægina. A third had a cousin who kept a fruit-stand in Chicago. The fourth had actually landed my eminence when I arrived from America, and I had remained delighted with his services.

I finally selected one, and the rest withdrew. Then the wagon-owning desperadoes began. Five drachmas a load is the regular price given for bringing goods from Athens to the Piræus. I offered them ten, and five extra for a *pourboire*. The arch-brigand laid the money on the table, and smiled pityingly.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"You are surely jesting with us."

"But you said you would accept gratefully whatever I offered you."

"We never dreamed it would be anything so niggardly as this."

I left the money on the table, and continued the discussion of the goathead. Seeing that I paid no further attention to them, they began to beg, and finally to revile. Maria and Abrocomas, being Greeks, knew the proper course to pursue. They paid no more attention to the brigands than if the latter had not existed. I followed suit. By the time coffee was reached, they were willing to compromise for five drachmas each more than I had offered them. When I imperturbably lighted my cigarette, one of them picked up the money, and said:

"Come, Effendi, we said we would n't quarrel, and we'll not. Give us two drachmas more to get a glass of wine, and we'll drink your health."

"Not a *pendara*" (sou).

At this they recommenced such a hullabaloo that the proprietor of the place came forward, and said that the row must be stopped.

"It 's only about one drachma," explained the

arch-desperado, fluently. "We have done some work for my lord here, and we want him to give us one drachma to drink his health." *In Argolis*

Greeks always combine against the foreigner, when their interests are not prejudiced thereby.

"A drachma is a small matter," protested the proprietor, shrugging his shoulders.

"Very well, then," I replied, "give it to them yourself. In the meantime, give me a small bottle of export beer."

This lordly order settled the matter, and the proprietor hustled my tormentors out of the place. They came over to the wharf later on, shook hands with us enthusiastically, wished us a pleasant voyage, and hoped that I would prefer them to everybody else when I returned to Athens with my goods. In looking over the things they had transported, I found that a plaster relief worth ten dollars had been smashed into half a dozen pieces, and that an indispensable iron in a bed imported from London was missing. As the iron could not be replaced in Athens, the bed was useless.

Our Lares and Penates were finally stowed away upon the boat, and Abrocomas was left in charge, tied to an iron ring on the deck. He was

not destined to be lonely, as a flour-sack containing an invisible pig tumbled about in his neighborhood in a spasmodic and aimless manner, while a kid tied to an adjacent ring wearied the air with plaintive cries. Maria Berseres and I returned to Athens for the night.

II

NEXT morning, the entire household took an early train for the Piræus. We consisted of the Mother of the Family, the Father of the Family, the Family (aged three months), the Cook or Magerissa, the Paramana, and the Dada. The two last-named individuals were satellites revolving about the Family,—the foster-mother and the nurse.

The profession of wet-nurse is an ancient and honorable calling, as Homer himself testifies. The old paramana Eurycleia was the first person to recognize Odysseus on his return to his native land, as every schoolboy will remember. She is described by Penelope as "an old woman of an understanding heart, who diligently nursed that hapless man, my lord, and cherished him, and took him in her arms in the hour when his

mother bare him." There is no doubt that Eurycleia was a paramana in the modern sense, for Odysseus said to her: "It was thou that didst nurse me there at thine own breast." Let us hope for Odysseus' mother's sake that Eurycleia was not such a pestiferous nuisance as her modern representative knows so well how to be.

In Argolis

In the glorious days of Greece, the strong and buxom women of Sparta were in great demand as foster-mothers. They were celebrated for their healthy condition and fine physique, and their milk was supposed to impart that courage for which the Spartans were so famed. To-day the wet-nurses of Andros and Tenos are highly prized. Many peasant girls in those islands marry for the sole purpose of becoming paramanas, or wet-nurses. As soon as the young mother is ready to ply her vocation, she goes on to Athens, where she is snapped up, as we say in America, "like a hot cake." In such demand are the Andriote women, that groups of Athenian gentlemen can frequently be seen on the wharf at Laurium, waiting for the little steamer, that they may have the first pick of new arrivals. That modern Herod, the nursing-bottle, is almost unknown in Greece; while the paramana, or assistant mo-

In Argolis

ther, is a matter of course in all but the poorest families.

Our own Eurycleia hailed from the Plaka, a poor district in Athens.

We reached the boat all right this time, and by half-past seven were steaming slowly past the island of Salamis.

Just when poor Abrocomas met his horrible fate, I am not quite certain. The Family was giving an operatic selection in crescendo at the moment of embarkation, to the complete distraction of the "Kyria" her mother, the "Effendi" her father, and the two satellites. I am sure, however, that I looked at Abrocomas, and that he was all right at that time. When we arrived at Poros, he was nowhere to be seen; nor was the mystery of his disappearance explained, until a box of hardware, weighing nearly a thousand pounds, had been slowly raised from the deck by means of the hoisting engine. Poor Abrocomas was found beneath, perfect as to outline, but otherwise, oh, how changed! He was nearly two feet in diameter, and as thin as a school geography. He had been pressed like a flower in a book.

III

In Argolis

WE were no strangers in Poros, as we had already passed three summers there. The whole town assembled on the wharf to welcome us,—the doctor, the druggist, the postmaster, the mayor, the constable; and a throng of sturdy old fellows in island costume,—red fez, blue knee-breeches incredibly voluminous in the seat, high stockings, wide leather belt containing innumerable pockets and room for a long knife or two. We were greeted on all sides by "*Kalos oreesate!*" (Welcome!), "*Tee kamnete?*" (How do you do?), "*Kala Eesai? Eesai kala?*" (Well, are you? Are you well?), and a continual chorus of "*Kala, kala, kala, kala*," meaning well, well, well, well, and signifying, even before we had a chance to ask, that our questioners were themselves in good health.

Few looked at the Family, for fear of giving her the evil eye. But whenever curiosity overcame good manners, the one looking invariably pretended to spit on the Babycoula, and exclaimed: "*Na meen avoskothees!*" (May you not take the eye!).

Infants are especially subject to the evil eye, because they are, to a peculiar extent, objects of

admiration, and it is the admiring glance which is most dangerous. But of this we shall hear more further on.

The paramana's simple mind was more powerfully impressed by the voluminous breeches than by any other feature of the new town. They carried her back to the days of her childhood, when her father, an Andriote, used to wear a similar costume.

After the household goods had been piled high upon two row-boats, which so disappeared from view that their cargoes seemed to be moving across the calm bay of their own free will, we all entered a third boat and followed in the wake. Then it was that the paramana gave us a learned discourse on the subject of island breeches. Before recapitulating the principal points of this discourse, it is necessary that we should get a clearer idea of this remarkable garment. Imagine a pair of ordinary knickerbockers made of blue homespun, rather loose in the leg; take those knickerbockers, stretch, pull out and extend the seat till it barely clears the ground and protrudes behind like the bay-window of a house, and you have the "vrachi" or unmentionables of a Greek islander. As he walks, the rear protuberance

gracefully oscillates, with a lateral movement like —like nothing else in the world. *In Argolis*

"These trousers, besides being very beautiful and graceful," as Katina explained to us, "are also extremely convenient. The capacious seat is nothing less than a huge pocket, capable of holding as much as a thousand ordinary pockets. Father used often to take a kid to market in the seat of his pantaloons, and bring back potatoes, bread, flour, or whatever the family might need.

"I remember well the last time he wore vrachi. For several years after we came to Athens, he continued to wear the island costume. Perhaps on your way to Phaleron, during the summer, you have noticed poles stuck in the ground, over which shawls, coats, and other garments were hung, forming a screen between the railroad and the sea? Well, it is the custom for many Athenian families to camp out on the beach for a few days during the hot weather and do their annual bathing. My family take seven baths each year, during the month of August. On the occasion of which I spoke, my father wished to go in. I remember perfectly well: he had made his third bath, and wished to make his fourth.

But there were many strangers hanging about, and he had no bathing suit. So he concluded to go in wearing his vrachi. He waded out and out, and then he swam a little way. I remember we were laughing, because, as he swam, the air drew into his breeches about his waist till they swelled up like a huge balloon. All at once,—Holy Virgin!—he gave a gurgling scream, and his head went under. There he was, upside down. All that could be seen was the big blue balloon, and a pair of feet dancing about on top of it. We all rushed in and pulled him out, and he swore never to wear vrachi again."

One can easily believe that Mr. Petropoulos's experience did not seem at all funny to him, however ludicrous a spectacle he may have furnished for others. His real danger lay in the fact that the cloth in his breeches, as well as every other stitch of clothing upon his person, was home-made. The thread had been spun on a hand-distaff, and the cloth woven on a hand-loom. It was therefore tremendously strong, and almost impervious to air.

Homespun is much used by the country people of Greece, and the women are kept busy, during every moment otherwise unoccupied,

with the distaff. They walk about with a long stick growing from the waist. The upper end is crotched, and blossoms in a fluff of snowy wool or cotton, which the nimble fingers twist into yarn or thread by means of a pendulous whorl. With Greek peasant women, the distaff and spinning-whorl are emblems of industry, as the knitting-needles continue to be in the country districts of America. *In Argolis*

I fancy that the distaff is one of the things that connect modern with ancient Greece; one of the imperishable forms, ideas, customs, that have persisted among the homely folk of country regions. Spinning-whorls are found in great quantities among the ruins of prehistoric cities, and it was a distaff which Theocritus sent to Theugenis of the beautiful ankles, Theugenis the deft spinner.

"*Great is the joy of giving, although the gift be small,*
And trifles from a friend, we prize them one and all."

The elegant ladies of Greece no longer use the distaff, but it is by no means extinct.

In Argolis

IV

OUR country house stood on the sea, opposite to Poros, and about a mile away. The restless waves washed the stone foundations of the balcony, and their light ripple — or, if the wind was blowing, their rhythmic plash — was audible at all hours.

The first evening we were there, I went out on the balcony and looked up at the sky. In the west was the silver bow of Diana, and a bright star seemed the tip of an arrow that sped away into the dim forests of a distant hill. The world was pervaded by vague, uncertain light, as when some inexplicable emotion, some sad, indefinite yearning, floods the soul. The sea rippled infinitely, but its tiny wavelets gleamed with a wan, unearthly sheen, like the waters of Acheron.

The stars were there, the old familiar constellations; but who ever received any real comfort from the stars? Many a lonely mariner upon the sea, many a traveller in the wide desert, has looked up at them, and they have said to him: "We are twinkling above the home of your childhood; we are shining upon your happy friends in a distant land; but we are as far from them as from you. We are like the gods. You

DOORWAY IN VILLAGE HOUSE

may see us, but we cannot see you. You are too small for us." *In Argolis*

Now and then a fitful gust brought to my ears the faint sound of a distant church-bell, tolled doubtless by some lonely old priest in a windy church-tower.

V

THE next day, we put up the stove.

No genuine Greek house has a stovepipe hole in it, and very few have any provision for fire. There is some pretty cold weather in this country during the winter, and many very damp and disagreeable days; but the colder the weather out of doors, the greater dread the Greeks have of heated rooms. There is a theory, held by all classes, that it is extremely dangerous to go from the warm house into the cold air. This theory is one of those queer little national beliefs or prejudices that distinguish one people from another. A Greek will never draw up cheerfully by your stove or your fireplace. He will, on the contrary, move off to a distant corner, or will ask you to receive him in some other room; and he invariably entertains you with an excited homily

on the dangers of having a fire in the house.

"You do very wrong, indeed you do. You are warm in here; then you go out of doors, and you catch a dreadful cold. You must pardon me, but I would not dare stay in a warm room. I should consider that I was risking my life."

We northern races know that it does us good to get thoroughly warmed through, heart and all. The memory of the cheerful fire at home, and of the group around it, has kept many a man warm.

I remember being invited to a Greek house at Athens to take a cup of tea one afternoon. Hymettus, Parnes, and Penteles were covered with snow, and a wind was sweeping down over the town that almost froze the marrow in one's bones. I hung up my heavy overcoat in the hall, and went into the drawing-room. There sat the three daughters in state,—beautiful girls, all dressed in white. Pitying heavens! how cold they were! Their lips were white and their noses blue. I took a bonbon from the table and a glass of cognac, and got away as soon as politeness permitted.

Statistics show that phthisis is the prevailing fatal disease in Greece. The houses are all made

of stone, cemented together with immense quantities of mortar, and the walls are very thick. These walls become damp in winter, and the interior of a fireless Greek house in January or February is as dangerous a dwelling-place as the interior of a vault or a cellar. *In Argolis*

Any derangement of the human system, of whatever nature, is attributed by the Greeks to cold; and the sovereign remedy for all ills is a dose of castor-oil, followed by quinine. If you say to a Greek, "My head aches," he replies, "You have caught cold in your head." Or if you remark, "I have a severe pain in my stomach," he promptly rejoins, "Ah, you have caught cold in your stomach."

When I was a boy the good mothers of Michigan were crazy on the subject of the liver. Any physical complaint of whatsoever nature made by a member of the family was promptly met with, "Young man [or young lady, as the case might be], your liver is out of order. I'll bring you a dose of potaphleen [podophyllin] immediately." I have passed through severe "fits of sickness" without betraying myself, to avoid this horrible drug and its effects.

In a similar manner, the whole of Greece has

In Argolis

a mania on the subject of colds, castor-oil, and quinine.

As there was no stovepipe hole, the stove was put up in genuine Greek fashion; that is, a window-light was taken out, and a sheet of tin, properly pierced for the pipe, was put in its place. The pipe ran through this, and then, taking a sudden turn, it shot high into the air. A queer little cap was set on the top to keep out the rain and prevent the wind from swooping in too vigorously.

Greeks who formerly lived in Paris or London, and who have built fine houses on Academy Street or the Kephissia Road in Athens, set up stoves and let the smoke out through chimneys. Genuine, unadulterated, and uncontaminated Greeks do not warm their houses except by the physician's order, and then they run the stovepipe out through a window-pane.

This method is followed by queer results; at least it was in our case. The draught, which was of the violent and roaring kind, worked from the outside inward, or *vice versa*, in each instance, according to the way it happened to start. If the air commenced to blow up the pipe, it continued to do so, and we had a beautiful fire; if, on the other hand, it flowed down, the stove snorted

smoke and flames like a stage dragon. At such times there was no alternative save to throw the house wide open and to fish out the burning wood with a pair of tongs and throw it into the sea. *In Argolis*

The stove's decision on each occasion was entirely beyond human influence or control. The two satellites therefore made the sign of the cross before the lighting of each fire, and left the result to Providence. I infer that they were sometimes lacking in faith.

A memorable event marked our first full day in Poros, — a social call from our landlord's wife. She was extremely corpulent, after the style of the majority of Greek women over twenty-five years of age. She had arrayed herself for the occasion in a black silk dress, as befitted the wife of a wealthy landowner; her black hair was neatly plastered over her ears, and she wore about her temples a snuff-colored kerchief, adorned with gorgeous red flowers with blue leaves.

Her first and greatest interest centred in the Babycoula, whom she admired with all manner of extravagant expressions, dutifully offsetting each with the formula "*Nameen avoskothees!*" (May you not take the evil eye!).

In Argolis

The pleasure derived from this amiable lady's call was somewhat modified by the fact that she had been eating garlic, and, as the rooms of our house were small, her presence became a trifle oppressive.

The Greek people are excessively fond of garlic. They eat it at all seasons of the year, and add it as a relish to every kind of food. The farmers of different localities pride themselves on the excellence of their *skordo* (garlic), just as they did in ancient times. No doubt to their great fondness for garlic is attributable the fact that a foreigner finds it difficult to get anything he can eat in the small country towns of Greece. A man coming hungry and tired into a neat, prosperous-looking village, in the midst of a rich agricultural region, would expect to find fresh milk, butter, fruits, and in fact an abundance of good cheer. In the majority of cases it is impossible to get anything to eat except sour cheese, garlic, bread, and bitter wine. Even the wild blackberries that grow in such profusion on the bushes are not picked, but are allowed to dry up and go to waste. But you say: "Eat eggs, boiled eggs. One can get along quite comfortably with plenty of them." The suggestion makes me smile,

for I have tried the expedient and found it futile. *In*
The hens eat the leavings from the tables, and *Argolis*
the eggs contain concentrated essence of garlic.

During fasting-time the atmosphere of Greece is most heavily laden with the aroma of garlic, for then the inhabitants devour it with prodigious avidity, both cooked and raw. During Holy Week the houses reek with the smell. Yet garlic is a good thing, after all. Rubbed on a salad dish, it imparts a delicious flavor to the salad. There is a sure way, too, of becoming unconscious of its disagreeable odor: by eating plenty of it, one can surround himself with an impenetrable atmosphere of his own.

Garlic is a phylactery against the evil eye,—an important thing to know in a country where this evil is so prevalent. A kernel of it, worn on a ribbon tied about the neck of a child or a goat, is most efficacious.

The landlady brought the Babycoula a piece of white lace, which is the proper thing to do when visiting a child for the first time. Anything white will do,—even an egg, the usual gift,—as it insures the child a pure white complexion.

In Argolis

VI

IT was snowing sea-gulls and pear-blossoms this morning when I went out on the balcony in my pyjamas and looked up and down the bay. The early sun was shining brightly on the rippling sea. The splintered light blazed like shivered glass. As far as eye could reach, the peaceful coast was lined with lemon orchards. The fruit was ready for the picking, and the yellow globes were so infinite in number, and hung so big and bright among the small green leaves, that I could not realize for the moment that I was looking at any ordinary orchard, planted and tended for the sake of gain.

I believe many people have had the same sensation, on seeing for the first time an orange or lemon grove in full fruit. The first glance is so different from anything you had ever dreamed of, that you are surprised into momentary incredulity and want of faith in the reality of the spectacle. A fleeting reminiscence of childhood comes over you, and of a beautiful fairy-land, where every shrub is a Christmas tree, hung with millions and millions of presents tied up in yellow and gold tissue-paper.

Then, as the truth really dawns upon you that

GARLIC MERCHANT

these are real trees and that those beautiful yellow globes are fruit, the slumbering poet awakens in your soul, and you forget all about how much they bring a thousand and the cost of packing and transportation. You fall a-dreaming, rather, of the Garden of the Hesperides; of stolen kisses in the shade of a Portuguese nunnery; of a planter's daughter and a guitar on a Florida bayou; of old castle gardens and the song of the nightingale.

They were picking the fruit this morning, and at a dozen piers along the coast caiques were anchored. Row-boats were plying to and fro between them and the shore, where the lemons lay in piles. Every few moments dark-eyed peasant-girls came out into the sunlight from the shady orchard aisles, bearing baskets of yellow lemons on one shoulder. A light breeze was blowing, and a faint delicious aroma came to my nostrils. A loaded caique near by was just spreading its wings and shaking out its feathers, getting ready to flit away to far Stamboul.

Here and there among the green and yellow of the lemon groves, peach, almond, and apricot trees were in bloom,—great fleeces of pink and virgin white, whose perfume mingled delicately with the tropic odor of the lemons.

In Argolis

A little higher up on the foot-hills were the pale green olive groves, and the mountains themselves were overrun with the bright yellow of the flowering thorn. The world was full of blossoms, fruit, and sunshine. Even the gulls, that fluttered, fell, and drifted on the water, seemed the petals of some unseen tree.

A fisher-boy sailed slowly by in a little boat, straight before the wind. He was lying on his back in the stern, gazing silently up into the deep blue sky. My soul swam out and lolled beside him, and we sailed away together. We had drifted through the little strait, and were rippling away to the Phæacian isles over a wine-dark sea, when a light step aroused me from my revery. I looked at the Kyria inquiringly.

"The little darling will grow like a mushroom in this nice warm weather," she said.

I found out afterwards that the boy in the boat was on his way to market with a load of clams.

VII

WE were, as I have said, in the midst of the long Easter fast, when the Greeks live mostly on deep-sea fruit. Forty days and forty

nights they fast, with a grimness and desperation incomprehensible to us poor heathen of the Western world. *In Argolis*

I do not believe that any other people on the globe starve themselves for their souls' sake so persistently as do the Greeks. Besides the long Easter fast, they have fifty fast-days before Christmas, fifteen in the month of August for the death of the Virgin, and about one or two in every week throughout the remainder of the year. A Greek may know nothing at all of the life of our Saviour, and less of the Sermon on the Mount; but there is no Greek living who has not a sufficient knowledge of the sayings and doings of an interminable line of saints and saintesses to make a liberal education, were the information of a more useful nature. The common people know Christ chiefly as the Virgin's son—an infant in arms. The Virgin is the all-powerful goddess, the worker of miracles, the answerer of prayer. As Athena was the tutelary goddess of ancient Athens, so Mary is the deity *par excellence* of modern Greece, uniting in her person all the attributes of the various heathen goddesses. In the litanies of the Church and the services of the priests, God and Christ are invoked, and the

number three controls all repetitions, as symbolical of the Holy Trinity; but the only vital conception in the mind of the peasant is that of the Virgin Mary.

I once asked an ignorant Greek woman whom she honored most, Christ or Mary.

"Mary, of course," she replied, without a moment's hesitation. "Does not everyone consider a mother worthy of more respect than her son?"

When a Greek is sick, he does not ask the Virgin to *intercede* for him, but he cries: "*Panayea, save me!*"

The religious centre of the church is the island of Tenos, where the "wonder-working" Virgin dwells. There, twice a year, in March and August, the afflicted go from all parts of the world to pray for a miraculous cure, and those who have made vows go to hang up silver and gold offerings in the church.

The accuracy of the knowledge which the Greeks possess concerning all the details of the Virgin's life, with the exact dates, is little less than marvellous. Even the day of her death is set down in the calendar. On the other hand, the knowledge which the uneducated people have of the manhood of our Saviour consists almost

entirely of a collection of anecdotes,—tales of wide vogue and uncertain origin, such as go to make up the folk-lore of a country. For instance, one of the satellites was telling the Kyria that Christ and the devil consulted together over the building of the first boat. They finally agreed that his satanic majesty was to build as much as he pleased, and was to have the management of all the parts of the structure invented and fashioned by himself: the Lord was to add one finishing touch. Satan built, therefore, a beautiful boat, and, putting the oars in the locks, took his place in the seat and looked at the Saviour with a smile of derisive inquiry. What was his disgust when the latter seated himself in the stern, and, causing a rudder to appear, seized the tiller and told the devil to pull away! Thus we learn from the Greek peasant that the devil invented oars and Christ the rudder.

It is wonderful, too, how Greeks who cannot read keep track of the innumerable fast-days and the food which is permitted on each. To-day they eat fish; to-morrow, the lower orders of marine life, such as clams, sea-urchins, octopods, mussels. One day it is food cooked in oil; another day, no oil is permitted. And there is no appar-

ent sense or reason in it all, because on the days when olive oil is not permitted, olives are freely eaten. Some days they cannot eat fish, yet they are permitted to eat caviare, or fish eggs. Garlic is at all times admissible.

Perhaps one of the greatest annoyances connected with housekeeping in Greece is the fasting of the servants. You make provision for the day, and sufficient good wholesome food goes down into the kitchen to feed all hands. A couple of hours after dinner the cook, or your wife's maid, or the doorkeeper, asks to see the Kyria.

"Well, what is it?"

"What shall we eat? We cannot work without food. Your honor has made no provision for us all day, and we are faint from hunger."

"But, merciful heavens! Enough food went down into the kitchen to feed a regiment."

"Oh, yes, but no Christian eats anything of that kind to-day."

"What day is this?" asks the Kyria, wearily.

"This is John the Baptist's day" (for example), and the information is always conveyed in a manner that makes one feel as though he were the most incorrigible heathen alive. The food sent down for the servants is ascetically scraped into

the garbage-box by the cook, and the master of the house must produce two or three drachmas more to buy a more religious provender. *In Argolis*

While speaking of religious matters, we must not forget to mention a curious phrase that one hears very frequently in this country. When it rains, the Greek usually says, Ὁ Θεὸς βρέχει, which, translated into English, does not convey any clear idea. What modern would ever think of saying "God rains"? Have we not here rather a survival of the pagan conception which apotheosized the forces of nature — the Jupiter Pluvius of the Romans? The ancient Greeks made Zeus the subject of many verbs relating to meteoric phenomena — Zeus rains, Zeus snows, Zeus thunders, etc. Perhaps "God rains" is one of those very ancient pagan survivals — a sort of philological spinning-whorl.

VIII

THE Kyria and I go to market every morning. I carry the empty basket over to town, and we come back in a sail-boat. Formerly we had employed a boatman named Loukas to come in the morning and stay all day. For this ser-

vice we paid him sixty-five drachmas a month and his dinner at night. The wages were not a serious matter,—something like thirty cents a day, American money; but the dinners nearly bankrupted us, and were the reason of our finally discharging him.

The Greek peasant eats bread and cheese for breakfast, cheese and bread for supper. If he hasn't the necessary penny to buy a meal, he passes it over and does not consider that he has suffered any particular hardship. No regular meals are got ready at home by the women-folks. In many Greek families a fire is not lighted for weeks at a time. There is generally some little talk about boiling a pot of greens along in the middle of the afternoon; but the mistress of the house usually puts it off till another day, with the phrase, "It's evening now. We'll get along." If one of the children cries for food, he is given a hunk of dry bread. Butter is unknown. In two or three of the larger cities they make a whitish, unsalted substance, with which bread may be lubricated; but it resembles butter no more than it does vaseline—nor half so much. The avidity with which human beings eat large hunks of dry bread in this country is little short of pitiful.

But to return to Loukas. While he dined with us, he ate nothing at all during the day. From the standpoint of a Greek peasant, a man who is to eat at another's expense in the evening would be guilty of incomprehensible idiocy if he squandered a halfpenny of his own on food in the meantime. Loukas was broad and short, with arms that reached quite to his knees. He had a slight forward bend at the hips, and a semicircular upper lip. We called him affectionately "our gorilla." He could row a heavy sail-boat with ten persons in it, for hours against a howling wind, without showing the least symptom of fatigue. When he worked for us, he was up at half-past four in the morning, to do the chores about his mother's house; then he sailed or rowed across, and was plying about on the water pretty much all day, until eight in the evening, when we fed him. We at first gave him the same meat that we bought for ourselves, beef and lamb; but he always cleaned the entire kitchen out, so we finally had a separate dinner cooked for him, of goat meat, which he preferred. Every night he ate a whole hind-quarter of a good-sized goat, as a *pièce de résistance*, with accessories and "trimmins" sufficient to satisfy a dozen American

laborers. I understand that he is talking even yet of those goat dinners. It was the one opportunity of his life, and he was not found wanting.

We concluded, therefore, not to hire a boatman this year.

IX

OUR daily walk to market led through the lemon orchard to the back gate of the garden, whence a narrow lane conducted us to the little town of Galata, where one crosses over to Poros in a row-boat. It was scarcely a mile; but we were fully two hours walking it the first day, the wild flowers made such children of us. It was in early March, when the air is soft in Greece, and the fields are fresh and green. The gardeners were digging up the fresh earth, and were setting out tomato and lettuce plants; not the little stringy heads of lettuce that we eat in America with sugar and vinegar, but a tall crisp variety that you break off leaf by leaf and crunch like asparagus. The punishment of Nebuchadnezzar would have no terrors for me if I were turned loose in a patch of Greek lettuce.

I wonder what it is that is so delicious about

the smell of fresh earth and the ploughing and digging of springtime. We stopped again and again to sniff it, while a dozen joyous reminiscences stole over our senses, like the effect of one of those exquisite perfumes which are made by mixing several odors. If I were asked what perfumes were used in compounding "New-ploughed Earth," I should say "Bloom of a Thousand Flowers," "Memories of Childhood," and "Hope of Resurrection."

The garden path was lined with peach, pear, almond, and apricot trees; and these were all in bloom. One young tree especially delighted us. It was slender and graceful as a young girl, and its leaves were completely hidden under immense snowy blossoms which, when you looked close, betrayed a delicate tinge of pink. We named it "The Bride."

The bees too were at work. Who calls them when the flowers are ready? But Tennyson has told us about the bees. They play the same lyre in Greece as in England; and they strum its drowsy strings to-day just as they did thousands of years ago, when they flew about the lips of sleeping Cupid, looking for honey.

In Argolis

"Through a shady forest going,
Found we Cupid, all alone;
And his cheeks, so smoothly glowing,
Like to golden apples shone.

"He had not his quiver by him,
Nor his bow well-bent and strung;
But we soon espied them nigh him,
'Midst the leafy branches hung.

"Chains of sleep his limbs encumbered,
While among the flowers he lay;
Smiling, even when he slumbered,
In his cruel, roguish way.

"Swarms of tawny bees came flying
All about his waxen lip,—
Often thus one sees them trying
Flowers that with honey drip."

"The murmur of innumerable bees!"—If our Tennyson were to share Sappho's fate, posterity could still imagine the supreme artist by a random-quoted phrase. Here is the real quality of poetry; not always the ability of continued flight in high regions of thought, but the instinct that unites words, common enough in themselves, into phrases that somehow conjure up the phantom of immortal Beauty.

The shortest fragments of Sappho are like tiny bits of a broken statue: from their exquisite finish we can easily imagine the beauty of the whole. In this supreme instinct in the association of words Tennyson resembles the Lesbian; and the final arbiter in such matters is the poetic ear. Tennyson used to smoke pipe after pipe over a single line, and every now and then he would repeat the result of his meditations aloud. When his ear approved, he wrote the line down—"The murmur of innumerable bees!"

The "Arcadian Mixture" was an old story when Mr. Barrie's friends discovered it. Tennyson filled his pipe with the same olibanum.

Greece is the bees' revelling ground. We had been in the country three years before we learned how to procure Hymettus honey *ad libitum*, although we had tested the genuine article after a week's residence in Athens. It happened thus: As I was walking along the street one day, I met a shepherd carrying a pine limb to which was attached a huge triangular comb of yellow honey. I bought it from him, and took it triumphantly home. I gave the man I forget how many drachmas, and he went away nursing that keen delight which the feeling of having cheated

In Argolis

some one causes an Oriental. Had he known how much I cheated him, he would have been unhappy all the rest of his life. That first taste of real Hymettus honey was worth dollars instead of drachmas to me. It was exquisitely good in itself, and it had, besides, a flavor of Hesiod and Theocritus about it, and of sweet girl graduates all in white, while the bees hummed in the honeysuckle about the high-school window. Ah, love and honey are both sweet, and are both associated with stings.

"*Love, the thief, chanced on a day*
Near the bees to linger,
When a naughty one, they say,
Stung him on the finger.

"*Oh, the wound, it hurt him so!*
How he blew and shook it!
How he stamped and danced with woe,—
Then to mother took it.

"*Spreading all his fingers, he*
Sobbed to Aphrodite:
'Mother, little is the bee,
But its sting is mighty!'

"*Then the Queen of Passion smiled,*
And she answered merely:

CAIQUE

'You are small yourself, my child,
But you wound severely.'"

In Argolis

Did Theocritus write that, after all, I wonder? The riper our judgment becomes, the less it sounds like him. As for the idea, Sappho has said it once for all—in that immortal compound-adjective of hers, Γλυκύπικρον, *bitter-sweet;* and in the expression ἀγελσίδωρος, *giver of pain.* The mind continually reverts to Sappho, in this land of roses and memories.

"*This is the home of Sappho, the dawn-bringer*
Of lyric splendor brighter than its day;
Eos of passion poesy; word-winger
Of sighs that linger in the world for aye;
Tenth Muse, and, best of all, the woman singer
Whose roses last while nations fade away."

For two years after meeting that shepherd, the Kyria and I used to watch the silver slopes of old Hymettus and wonder where the famous honey came from in the ancient days. I explained to her frequently that trees grew there more thickly then than now, and that in consequence many small streams formerly trickled down ravines that have long since become dry. Often I drew in fancy a picture of numerous little villages

with long lines of neat bee-hives in all the back yards. In proof of this theory, I pointed out the fact that the Ilissos, once a poetic stream and the haunt of water-nymphs, no longer murmurs sweetly on summer eves. The bed is there, but, like too many other landmarks of ancient Greece, it is but the grave of a long-silent voice. "The bees, too, are gone," I said; and this idea was corroborated by our frequent attempts to buy Hymettus honey in the shops, nicely put up in tins. We were told that a firm in Piræus had the monopoly of the real product, and sold it to the English ships. I bought a tin, but it was no more like the nectar of my triangle of the pine bough than "golden drips" resembles maple syrup.

Again, we were informed that one Merlin of Athens had bought the entire crop, which he sold in small tins at an enormous price. One trial was sufficient; all the rest was left for the innocent tourists, who paid the belated wizard a large profit on his ingenious outlay.

It remained for an angry bee to enlighten me, and to teach me that Greece of the bucolic poets is not yet entirely dead. One May evening we were hurrying across a wild-thyme field, at the foot of Mount Hymettus, to catch the car for

town, when a bee suddenly fastened his stinger in my eyelid, and hung there buzzing. Of course I was angry at the time; but after the wound ceased aching, I began to think, with the result that we made another trip in the same direction a day or two afterwards. A little inquiry brought us to the bee-country proper. We found rows and rows of hives at the foot of a cliff on the mountain-side, and a dozen or so rustic villagers on guard. These hives we had seen a hundred times before, but had not recognized them, as they were simply conical baskets, and looked at a little distance for all the world like rocks. From the countrymen we learned that there are thousands of acres of wild thyme all about the mountain.

In Argolis

I have never seen such bee-hives in America. The conical willow baskets are set on the point, and are propped up by means of stones. Sticks are laid across the top for the bees to hang their comb from, and the whole is covered over with straw and litter. The bees go in and out through a small opening in the side of the basket. When the honey is to be gathered, they are first stupefied by smoke. We bought about thirty pounds direct from the hives, and I have no hesitation

in declaring it the best and most wholesome honey in the world. There is no way of describing the taste of it, save to say that it tastes exactly as wild thyme smells. The whole crop of this honey is bought up by Athenian families, who know when it is harvested, and take it on the spot.

The sun was setting that day as we left the hives and cut across to the main road through the wild-thyme fields. The bees were just coming home, and we soon found ourselves in the centre of a cloud of them. The air was utterly still, but they drifted obliquely by, as though floating on a gentle breeze. One of the countrymen shouted, "Don't move, and they won't touch you!" So we stood still and watched them. I do not know whether the little insects themselves were so yellow, or whether it was the setting sun that shone through the long cloud as it drifted by; but I could not help thinking of the line in the Anthology: "Swarms of tawny bees."

But all this is about Mount Hymettus and its famous honey; and we have clean forgot that we are down in the Peloponnesus by the seashore, and on our way through a lemon grove to the Poros market.

AS we strolled slowly along toward the market, the Kyria and I, we stopped now and then to listen to the bass-viol boom of some large iridescent green beetles. Only a few of these were in the air, but I knew that they were the advance-guard of a great host that would come with the summer and would pounce destructively upon the ripe fruit, eating great holes into everything sweet and juicy that should not be covered with nets. Greek children make pets of these great beetles. They tie a string about the body under the wings, and let the insect fly about at the end of this tether. The ladies also wear them as jewelry, and it is quite the proper thing for a swain to present a bug to his lady-love. In that case a jeweller is commissioned to weld a tiny gold band about the insect, to which a fine chain of the same metal may be attached.

The poppies, too, were blazing with their reddest flame, plashing the green wheat with frequent patches of blood-red. A tiny beetle buzzed in every poppy's heart. I say "every," because we looked and looked, without finding a single exception. These bugs were dusted thick with the yellow pollen, and they buzzed

fiercely in the satin cups, as though they had much to do and but little time. This was doubtless the truth, for a day or two afterwards we searched for them again, and they were all gone.

While speaking of poppies, I must mention that their favorite assembling-place is of course among the grass or grain; and the greener the background, the more brilliant is the hue of these gorgeous flowers. In the early flush and triumph of the Greek spring, the green of the wheat is so vivid, and the red of the poppies so fiery, that the peaceful hillsides seem to have arrayed themselves for the time in barbaric splendor. In March the poppies begin to bloom, and they are in full revel by the middle of April. Then you see them everywhere,—in the fields and country lanes, and even atop of the mud fences, where they have gallantly leaped in their onward march.

But I do not think one gains most pleasure in Greece from the poppies, splendid as they are. The anemones hold rival sway in that land. Whoever sowed the poppy seeds mixed therewith an equal quantity of delicately tinted wind-flowers. And of all places in Greece, or perhaps in the

world, they grow thickest on the field of Marathon. *In Argolis*

"*Each spring, on Marathon's immortal plain,*
Revels the purple-pied Anemone
In fairy bumpers that so generous be
The fragrant zephyrs tilt the cups in vain;
See where the dregs have left a tell-tale stain!
Then, as in sudden fear, they pale and flee;
And conquering poppies, even to the sea,
Invade the vines and swarm amid the grain;
To throng the earth and to oblivion speed
So human generations have their day;
The poppies' fate has been for them decreed;
Like frail anemones they pass away.
Only the memory of a glorious deed
Lingers behind, unchanged and fresh for aye.

"*There stood the Athenians' long and sparse array;*
Their crested helmets blazing down the line,
And all their weapons twinkling in the shine
Of Freedom's fullest and most radiant day.
Oh, firmly poised and lean of limb were they,
With steely sinews tempered sure and fine,—
Those men who held the human form divine,
And crowned its beauty with Olympian bay.
And toward them the myriad starry flash
Of spear-tips in a cloud of tunics came;
A sombre billow, stained with frequent plash

In Argolis

Of Tyrian purple and Phœnician flame.
O men of Athens! Short and sharp the dash
That leads you to a deed of deathless fame!

"They buried them whom Death alone could tame
Midway betwixt the mountains and the wave,
And heaped this monument above their grave
For high reproof and everlasting blame
Of all whom cowardice or meanness claim;
And She[1] stood near, whose land they died to save,
In revery of woe above her brave,
And noble grief, too deep for words to frame.
We ask their names, but History is still.
Grieve not, brave men! We know you, every one;
Who standeth on this mound must feel the thrill
Of sudden valor. Who would meanly shun
To share with you, beneath this little hill,
Such comradeship in great Oblivion?"

There are many tiny wild flowers, too, in Greece, that hide among the grass, and are so exquisitely beautiful that one understands why they could not have been larger without sacrificing something of their daintiness. I think we were most pleased, on that first trip to market, by certain tiny four-pointed stars of dark blue, with a yellow eye in the centre. There were

[1] *Athena — suggested by the famous statue known as "The Mourning Athene."*

millions of these, and all among them other stars of the same shape and size, terra cotta in color; besides these, dandelions, buttercups, white daisies, and occasionally patches of great yellow daisies—yellow and gold. *In Argolis*

And through all this flowery walk we heard in the distance the moan of a long well-sweep, at the end of which a patient horse, blindfolded so that he should not become dizzy, trotted round and round. We knew very well that as the horse went round, a great wheel rimmed with earthen jars revolved slowly, and a stream of clear cool water gushed out of a pipe and bubbled merrily away to a reservoir. But no thought of the horse arose in our minds when we heard the moan of the distant well-sweep. We had heard it two summers before, many a drowsy afternoon, and had found a name for it. So the Kyria smiled, and said to me: "There's our great golden bee again." For those well-sweeps sound exactly like the drone of a monstrous bee, and the "golden" I suppose was an unconscious effort to express the melodious quality of the sound.

All of these gardens along the sea-coast, for miles and miles, are watered by means of old-fashioned wells worked by horses or mules. The

In Argolis

water that gushes out of the coast-range mountains sinks into the earth and flows to the sea in the form of underground rivers. As the wind blows every day here, one would expect to find more windmills than in Holland itself; and in three thousand years more, when Greece catches up with the rest of the world and stops using Mycenæan spinning-whorls, such will be the case. But what a loss that will be from the artistic standpoint! Most of these old wells are trellised over, and are shaded in summer by a roof of grape-vines which is thickly hung in autumn with huge clusters of the purple fruit. These wells are looked upon by the Greek farmers as the very latest thing in agriculture; and, comparatively speaking, they are. In many parts of the country the plough described by Hesiod is in use, and it is still drawn by oxen.

XI

EMERGING from the lemon orchard, we came upon a long narrow lane, formed by the mud walls of the gardens along the route, and overlooked by the houses of proprietors and their tenants. Houses are so cheap in this coun-

try that everybody sleeps under his own roof. The materials — stone and sticky mud — are everywhere to be found; and labor can be had almost for the asking.

We did not find very comfortable walking in the lane, because it formed too convenient a dumping-place for stones and refuse from the gardens. Doubtless the peasants, for whose convenience chiefly it existed, found it a very good road indeed. Every few moments they overtook and passed us: first three old women in homespun, with bundles of unsplit wood upon their backs; then a corpulent Greek in red fez and wide breeches, seated sidewise upon a very small donkey; then a boy riding astride a donkey's tail, while the animal trotted along between two enormous baskets filled with garden produce; then a little girl driving a donkey laden with half a dozen sacks filled with lambs. The heads alone of the little animals were visible, three projecting from each sack, and giving the impression, somehow, of museum freaks, or three-headed animals.

Who says that ancient Greek is not spoken in this country still? Just as we emerged from the lane, I heard a chorus of voices shouting an

immortal line from Aristophanes. I stopped and listened, with the same feeling of pleasure that one might experience in unexpectedly hearing the voice of an old friend in a strange land. Yes, there they were!

"*Kek, kek, kek, koax!*"

There was no chance to dispute the pronunciation, or to doubt for one moment its genuineness. The throats were Greek, and older than Aristophanes himself; pre-Mycenæan, pre-Pelasgian, pre-anything that the archæologists wot of. I do not know why they said

"*Kek, kek, kek, koax!*"

nor what they meant by it,—whether it is a prophecy, a song, or a curse; but I do know that these voices have been repeating it, insisting upon it, chattering about it, ever since the Seven fell before Thebes,—and long ere that.

I crept through the tall wheat to the shaft of an old well, and peeped down. Half a dozen feet below me, three or four frogs were floating buoyantly, their hind legs trailing listlessly behind them, their heads raised to the sky. Even as I looked, one of them began his "*Kek, kek,*

kek," and two or three interrupted him with a raucous and derisive "*Koax!*" *In Argolis*

I looked sharply into their big bulging eyes, and I fancied I detected there a faint gleam of amusement, perhaps of derision. If so, I think I understood. At any rate, I have stuck pretty faithfully to my Greek for a layman, and perhaps I am entitled to an opinion.

There they were, in a marsh or a puddle, while tall Achilles was driving his maddened horses about Troy and the limp corse of beautiful Hector bounded through the dust, and they knew that a coward's arrow would smite him in the heel; there they were when proud King Agamemnon walked to his palace-gates on carpets, lest the earth defile his victorious feet, and they knew that he was a cuckold and that a shameful death awaited him within; there they were while Pericles and Phidias were supreme in Athens, and they knew that the most of those divine works of art would melt away in barbarian or Christian lime-kilns, and that a Venetian bomb would wreck the Parthenon; there they were when Æschylus was fighting with the Greek navy at Salamis, and they knew that the filthy Turk would defile the soil of Hellas with slavery

and moral degradation for hundreds of years. And they looked on all the time out of bulging, humorous eyes, and cried—

"*Kek, kek, kek, koax!*"

Away with your Pindars, your Miltons, your Tennysons, your Gibbons, your Ciceros, your Websters! We take ourselves too seriously, we mortals, with our little ephemeral dynasties, religions, civilizations! The voice of the frogs outlives them all; and what other voice so expressively sums up the whole matter as these that cry

"*Kek, kek, kek, koax!*"

XII

ASPHODEL!—acres and acres of it, on the hillside. We walked among it hand in hand, and imagined ourselves happy shades, far from all the cares and anxieties of life, the heartburns, the bitter memories, the disappointed hopes. Waist-deep in asphodel, that swayed gently in a breeze from the near-by sea, we waded. Pale pink were the waxen flowers we plucked, and without perfume, like a beautiful body without a soul.

This is a stately plant, as befits the symbol of death; for it stands up tall and straight, with stalks that branch out symmetrically from the main stem. The plain where it grows seems a great table, set with many silver candelabra.

"*Thus I spoke, and the soul of swift-footed Achilles*
Strode to and fro, stepping high in the meadow of asphodel,
Much excited to hear that his son had grown famous!"

Is not this a sublime picture, this of the soul of Achilles? Pagan though it be, it is more comforting than those words of Job — "His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not." But then, we must not forget that it is hard to believe in anything when one has the blues as Job had them.

It is pleasant, nevertheless, to compare this paternal thrill of Achilles with his words uttered earlier in the same dialogue: —

"*Palliate not death to me, illustrious Odysseus;*
I'd rather be serf to a humble man and poor,
So I might live again,
Than reign high king o'er all the piteous dead!"

These lines have saddened countless generations. Let us forget them, and think only of Achilles walking excitedly forward and back, taking long

steps in the asphodel. They are not utterly desolate who can rejoice when their dear ones come to honor.

We came suddenly at the farther side of a little knoll, into a field all life and light and color: a lawn of grass, closely cropped and brilliantly interwoven with white and yellow daisies, bluebells, and poppies.

"Hear the bees!" cried the Kyria. I was surprised at this exclamation, for the Kyria is musical, while I am not; and the humming that we heard was an octave lower than that usually made by bees. Stooping down, I found that every blossom was held by a buzzing insect, tawny it is true, but with sickle-shaped extensions that crossed behind, like the tips of a swallow's wings.

How easy it must have been for the ancient Greeks to think in poetry! Paganism adapted itself so easily to the impressions of nature and to the imaginings of æsthetic and susceptible minds. Coming over that little knoll, I felt like Orpheus when he emerged from Hades and stood for a moment blinking at the sunny world.

Does a field of unripe wheat, billowing down a hillside to the sea, need any addition to its beauty? Surely not; and yet certain graceful vines

that hung the green wall near us with purple flowers caused us to part the stalks and look farther. Behold, the purple hue of the grain was due to the wild pea, which was delicately trailing and clambering everywhere, and it was all in bloom!

This is the month when new-born kids and donkeys abound along the highways, and one can never decide which are the more ridiculous, uncouth, and captivating. There is no use in chasing after specimens of either, however irresistible may be the desire to gather them up. The long clumsy legs acquire great agility almost immediately after birth, and young donkeys and kids have an instinctive horror of promiscuous affection.

We crossed over to Poros in a row-boat, the only means of going from the mainland to the town. This primitive ferry system is conducted mostly by old men of the sea, a surprisingly large percentage of whom have lived thirty or forty years in America, or have served a good lifetime on some American vessel.

A curious history these old fellows have had: boyhood in the little Greek town, during which they played with their boy friends along the

So here he is himself, pulling his boat slowly back and forth; and it seems as though he had always been here. The thirty years in America are a mere episode, a transient dream. The language of his youth comes back to him in a month, and in six he has almost entirely forgotten his English. *In Argolis*

The ferry is perhaps the most picturesque thing about Poros. Donkeys, laden with mountains of hay, brushwood, or garden produce, are driven, without unloading, into the little boats, and rowed to the other shore. Sometimes a countryman in fustanellas, or a village priest in all the pomp of high hat and lifted umbrella, forces his cautious little animal to step into a skiff, and is pulled across without dismounting.

I once saw a funeral cortége taken over the strait in small boats. A prominent grocer of Galata had died, whose forefathers were sleeping in the Poros burying-ground. So one bright Sunday afternoon a long line of skiffs, reaching from one shore to the other, crept slowly across the shimmering sea. First came the musicians by themselves, playing a solemn funeral march, slow as the measured dip of the paddles; then the acolytes, lifting high the banners and sacred

In Argolis

symbols of the Church; then a man holding erect the coffin-lid, and with him three or four priests, majestic in tall hats and flowing robes of black; then the poor lump of clay, the cause and object of all this pageant, with hands crossed upon the breast and face uncovered to the sky; and after this, boat after boat filled with stalwart countrymen in fustanellas and red fez, and country-women with colored handkerchiefs drawn decently about their serious faces. Never before had I so fully realized the impressiveness, grandeur, and pomp of which the Greek Church is capable. Here was a miserable little country village, niggardly from every other human aspect, producing a spectacle worthy of Venice or ancient Egypt. As I looked, the majesty and solemnity of the spectacle overwhelmed me and swept into complete forgetfulness any latent Puritan objections to pomp and display in church ceremonial. The procession seemed worthy of the mountains, of the sea, and of the awful mystery of death.

I forgot that this man had been a grocer,— I remembered only that a human being was crossing over to his last long resting-place in the land of eternal shadows. I envied that grocer his funeral. In some such manner the ancient

FUNERAL PROCESSION LANDED FROM BOATS

Kings of Egypt floated slowly across the Nile to the island of tombs and the sepulchres of the mighty dead. *In Argolis*

XIII

IT takes so much longer to describe impressions than to receive them! And how irrelevantly we do rattle on when once we get to talking! One thing leads to another, in very much the same manner that a swallow chases a fleet-winged insect for half a mile, and dashes aside at the last moment to catch a clumsy bug. We lose so much, we Anglo-Saxons, and grow so stupid, through our relentless adhesion to relevancy. Why pass by a rose in the garden of thought, simply because we had hoped to find a daisy? The swallow is much more sensible. The moment the beetle appears in sight, he darts off after it at right angles, and forgets all about the nimble sand-fly of his previous quest. I too am just flitting about, in an irrelevant and inconsequential manner.

When the Kyria and I finally got to market, we found a tempting display of Lenten food in all the groceries, ready for the fast which was

In Argolis

about to begin in earnest. We went straight to our own grocer, Andreas. His real name was Andreas Kondopoulos; but every Greek is called by his more familiar title. Andreas had just opened a fresh barrel of *halva*, which task he had accomplished by setting the barrel on end and sawing off a ring an inch or two from the top, thus exposing to view a portion of the white, adhesive paste. *Halva* is compounded mainly of ground sesame and honey or sugar. It cuts with a grain, is sweet and oily, and has a sort of gravelly feel between the teeth. If putty were sweet, and mixed with a small quantity of fine sand, the result would give a fair idea of *halva*. It is a universal delicacy among the Greeks, and is a great favorite at fasting-time, because it can be eaten on the most sacred days, and a small piece of it will lubricate the mastication of a huge quantity of bread. During fasting-time, the larger grocers have a special man at the *halva* barrel, who is kept busy cutting off halfpenny slabs of the article.

Andreas had also opened a new barrel of *tarama*, or red caviare, manufactured in Missolonghi. It tastes as a stale fish smells, and contests first place with *halva* as a holy food and as an efficacious

bread lubricator. The huge cask of black olives which Andreas had imported only a few days previously was now half emptied. Olives are a favorite article of diet in Greece among the poorer classes. Five *lepta* worth of bread and the same amount of olives very frequently constitute the laborer's midday meal. *In Argolis*

In the middle of the floor lay a great pile of salt codfish,—not the fat, white-meated kind that we know in America, but lean and sallow specimens, imported from somewhere in Europe. On the day of the Annunciation, everybody in Greece eats codfish,—why, the Holy Virgin alone knows. The heads of families go out the day before to select their fish, and every gentleman you meet has one by the tail, swinging like a pendulum or firmly grasped like a tennis racquet. If he looks upon you as a Christian and a brother, he will stop you and tell you where he bought it, how many dozens he picked over before he found this really beautiful fish, how much the grocer wanted for it, the scorn with which he treated the demand, and the price actually paid. Codfish in cream and codfish balls are unknown in Greece.

The Kyria once made a large number of the

latter with her own hands, and we ate heartily of them and imagined ourselves back under the starry flag of liberty. In the goodness of our hearts, we sent fifteen or twenty of them down to the kitchen and told the inferior gods to eat and make merry. They, however, scraped the precious codfish balls into the refuse box, and made their dinner on dry bread.

The Greeks make codfish into a sort of stew, in which the fish appears in large, salty, and indigestible chunks. It is needless to say that this attractive mess is highly flavored with garlic. That is what makes it so good.

The market in and about Andreas's place presented a very lively and picturesque appearance. The store was filled with tall stalwart shepherds, whose legs were tightly encased in knee-breeches and woollen stockings. Each man wore a long dirty blouse belted in about the waist. Their heads were turbaned with colored handkerchiefs in such a way that the ends dangled behind; and they carried long crooks. These gentlemen seemed well supplied with money, and they drank the grocer's bitter wine, with much clinking of glasses, as fast as two boys could bring it.

Much wine is consumed in Greece, but habitual drunkards are rare. By the way, how ancient a beverage is resinated wine? Did old Homer drink it? Judging from modern analogies, we should say "No" if he lived in Asia Minor, as its use is principally confined to-day to the mainland. That this method of preparing wine is ancient, and may perhaps go back to the dim beginnings of things, is evident to anyone who takes pains to look up the references; and the famous statue of the boy with the bunch of grapes and the pine cone is also thought to be significant. So you see the modern Greeks had a long time in which to acquire a taste for this favorite beverage, which in reality resembles cough-mixture in flavor. They call it "resinato" now, a word which reminds us of the *vinum resinatum* of the Latins, but in the ancient writers it is *retinetes* (ῥητίνητης οἶνος). *In Argolis*

Just outside the door of Andreas's shop the wood-women and the women who dealt in wild greens had their stand,—for the most part, shrewd, hard-faced old hags, squatted beside heaps of dry limbs and bags of greens. From far up in the hills they come, their burdens strapped to their backs. If they are successful, and sell

their loads at a good price, they gain about fifteen cents for a full day's work, and are amply satisfied. The impression on one who sees for the first time an old woman trudging along, bent far down under a load of wood fully as big as herself, is decidedly unpleasant.

One gets used to such sights, however, in the Orient, and even in other parts of the world. In Germany the peasant often hitches his wife and his dog together to draw a cart. Only in the United States is woman estimated at her true value, and treated with that chivalrous devotion which brings out the best qualities in both the sexes.

Despite the loads which these Greek peasant women have brought into town, about every other one of them has a baby with her. They carry their infants for miles, in cradles slung over their shoulders. Patient little things they are, blinking at you from great dark eyes, while their mothers march up and down on the wharf, or stand together in groups, exchanging gossip of the mountain hamlet and the sheep-camp. These portable cradles are an invention of that state of society where babies and work are ever present and contemporaneous necessities. They

enable the mother to hang her latest-born up in a tree, while she is toiling in the vineyard; or, if no tree be present, to carry him all day upon her back. *In Argolis*

XIV

WE had a typical experience with our "meat man" the very first day after our arrival. As we passed by the little alley devoted to butcher shops, our old friend on the corner hailed us and bade us an enthusiastic welcome. He told us, among other things, that the whole population was rejoicing at our advent, and that no one was gladder to see us back than himself. This, he said, was partly because our Philhellenic sentiments had endeared us to the whole Greek nation, and partly because the continued residence of such distinguished foreigners in their little town gave their place a respectable standing among the most noted watering-places. Incidentally, he mentioned that he had just killed a fine lamb, and if we happened to need anything of the kind—

"If it really *is* lamb," said the Kyria, "and not goat, I'll take a piece."

"Oh, po! po! po! Do you think I would sell

In Argolis

your honor *goat?* It is lamb, young sheep. Have perfect confidence in me, and you will always remain satisfied."

I insisted that the mortal remains before us had once belonged to the animal sacred to the tragic muse,—a certain stony Clytemnestrian glare in the eye, and the bloodshot Œdipian bulge thereof, conducing to this belief.

The butcher swore to the contrary, by his father's soul and the life of his favorite child. Finally, "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Kyria; "I'll buy this piece of meat, and if it turns out to be lamb, we'll patronize you steadily. If, on the other hand, we find it to be goat, we'll never come near your place again."

"Agreed!" cried the butcher. "And now, to prove to your eminence how much these suspicions wrong me, I'll show you the animal's pelt."

With that he produced from inside the shop a beautiful white sheepskin, which he held triumphantly on high. That, of course, settled the matter. We ordered an *oke* of the meat, and he seized his axe and hacked it out.

"Didn't that skin seem too large for this animal?" asked the Kyria, a few moments afterwards.

"Certainly," I replied; "that is his stock skin,

BREAD MERCHANT—PRIEST PASSING

his decoy, with which he catches innocents like us." *In Argolis*

Immediate inquiry proved that no lambs had been brought into the market that morning; and the subsequent cooking of the purchase left no doubt whatever as to its character.

A few days afterwards the butcher hailed us and begged that we would again favor him with our trade, as the unfortunate event which had displeased us had happened by accident.

This story is typical, because it illustrates an almost universal trait in the Greek's character. In his desire to overreach, and to make a small immediate profit, he underestimates the intelligence of his victim.

By the way, speaking of butchers, a very primitive method of cutting up animals prevails in this country. The butcher admits no choice of cuts, but with an axe chops out a chunk of any desired size. Meat is meat, and the whole carcass is sold except the skin. A grand row always takes place between buyer and seller, the latter trying to get rid of as much as possible of the poorer portions, the former insisting upon a special cut. A compromise is usually effected, by the purchaser's taking a little of both.

In Argolis

XV

WE called in Papa-Yanne this morning, to perform an "agiasmo," or to "bless the house." As this ceremony was performed for the special benefit of the Babycoula, we selected her room as the principal seat of operations. We brought Papa-Yanne over from the market-place with us in a little sail-boat. We had found him sitting under a tree by the village fountain, waiting for us. Our priest was a grand figure, over six feet tall in his stockings. His hat added another foot to his height, and his robes, that reached to his feet and fluttered voluminously back from his arms and shoulders when he walked, completed an effect that was little less than sublime.

But alas for human grandeur! When the wind occasionally lifted his black skirts from his well-polished shoes, a pair of checked breeches of loud pattern fluttered for a moment into view, and as quickly disappeared. Dear old Papa-Yanne! We forgive you the checker-board trousers: perhaps you had no others. Moreover, the missionary spirit is not in us. We suspect that there be ministers of the Word at home, in high stock and seemly black, who, figuratively speaking, wear the gay breeches of worldly pride in their hearts.

Papa-Yanne is a wonderfully handsome man, with florid cheeks, and beard like a lion's mane. He had been a hotel-keeper, and is still playfully called the ξενοδόχος or landlord. He felt, however, that a man of such fine presence and with such beautiful hair was wasting his God-given talents by renting out beds at two drachmas a night. So he became a priest, and his immediate popularity justified the change. *In Argolis*

On arriving at the house, Papa-Yanne immediately called for a basin of water and a little livani, or incense gum. While these were being brought, he removed his tall hat, passed the strings of his gold-embroidered apron over his head, and removed the pins from his back hair. Oh, that hair of Papa-Yanne! It was a silky brown, with a reddish tinge like old gold. It was wonderfully profuse, slightly wavy, and fell to the waist. As he shook it out, an admiring "Ah!" escaped from the throats of Maria and the two satellites. Even the Kyria gave vent to an envious sigh. Papa-Yanne's hair is worth hundreds of drachmas a year to him, and I strongly suspect that it had much to do with the Kyria's choice of him as our own special family priest.

The basin of water was set upon the Baby-

coula's dressing-table and blessed; Maria brought her own *eikon*, and a piece of charcoal to light the pungent gum, and all was ready. A convex bit of broken water-jug served as a censer. As the bluish smoke curled to the ceiling and filled the room with its auspicious odor, the superstitious Greeks sniffed it with half-smothered exclamations of joy. I almost fancied I could see the evil spirits, whom our heathen occupancy had invited to the house, sneak out of windows and doors, holding their noses with skeleton fingers as they went. Holy incense is as disgusting to an evil spirit as sulphur to an angel.

Papa-Yanne stood with cross upraised, chanting with mellifluous voice the appropriate service. The early sun added its glory to his hair, fell in a flood upon the wall, and kissed the painted face of the poor cheap Virgin to a golden blush. Very distinctly and impressively the priest chanted the beautiful Greek words, holding his book at a proper distance before his eyes, the wide sleeve falling voluminously from his hairy wrist. The shadow of the arm and the uplifted cross flickered in the sunlight, fantastic and fickle.

I was impressed; I could not help it. Even my

knowledge of the fact that the priest could not read was for the moment forgotten, and did not rise up with an accusation of theatrical effect. *In Argolis*

Turning toward the nurse, Elene, he beckoned to her. The woman held the Babycoula at arm's-length before him, and the priest, throwing his splendid apron over the dear fuzzy little head, signed with the cross, and invoked the special protection of the Virgin. I stooped and looked under the apron. Two blue eyes blinked at me from a wee comical face, and the rosebud mouth blossomed into a mischievous smile. Oh, the little infidel!

Papa-Yanne's voice was very tender now, and brought tears into the Kyria's eyes. He has nine children of his own.

Then he dipped his olive bough into the holy water, and, going from room to room, sprinkled right and left.

When it was all over, the priest skilfully did up his back hair, thrusting hair-pins through the Psyche knot with feminine dexterity, and accepted our invitation to take a cup of Turkish coffee.

"They take the evil eye very easily, you know," he said, pointing to the Babycoula in the

Kyria's lap, and daintily sipping his coffee from the tiny cup.

"The Panageia is our helper!" piously exclaimed the nurse, crossing herself. *Panageia* is the Greek title for the Virgin. It is the word that one hears more frequently than all others, and means the "All-Holy One."

"Our church has prayers for averting and lifting the evil eye. It is very common in this country. I always advise the mothers of my flock to call in a priest immediately when anything goes wrong with the children."

"In America," replied the Kyria, "we call in the doctor."

"And you do very well," said Papa-Yanne. "But you should call in the priest first. In nine cases out of ten, the child has nothing but the evil eye, which a simple exorcism would cure immediately."

This was interesting to me. I had often been told that the Greek priests encouraged the belief in the evil eye, for the sake of the fees. I had never before had confirmation of the fact from the lips of a priest. I must say, for Papa-Yanne's credit, however, that he simply and implicitly believes in this ancient superstition. Like many

other of the Greek priests who pass all their lives in little island villages, some of them able neither to read nor write, he has not been informed that the world contains people who do not believe in it. If told that such people existed, he would be incredulous, or would set them down as ignorant barbarians, dwelling somewhere in the uttermost parts of the earth. *In Argolis*

"What charms does she wear for the eye?" asked the priest, seriously.

The Kyria guiltily acknowledged that she had not taken any precaution whatever of this nature.

"I can recommend several things to you," said Papa-Yanne. "The heart of a garlic is good, as is also a string of blue beads. Many people pin their faith to a piece of crooked coral. I have at home certain pieces of crystal which have always proved a sovereign remedy. I'll send you a piece. I have also a piece of the true cross. You see, I come from the Kourmondouriotes family, —a very ancient family, as you know. Well, some of my ancestors lived back in those early times when pieces of the true cross were much commoner and easier to get than now, and, being intelligent men, and knowing how much

In Argolis

rarer the thing would become in time, they took pains to obtain a piece, which has descended through the family, and which I now have. You can easily see that it is a marvellous sort of wood. It is so hard that you cannot cut it with a knife."

It would have been cruel to tell Papa-Yanne that fragments of the true cross are much commoner now than they were in the days of his ancestors. There is enough of the "priceless wood" in the monasteries and churches of Europe to have made crosses for all the Scribes and Pharisees in Pontius Pilate's time. The true cross has multiplied and grown like a branch of coral. But let poor Papa-Yanne have his precious relic. It is as genuine as the rest of them, and it does him just as much good as though it had once actually trembled to the hammer that impaled the Saviour's hands and feet.

Dear old Papa-Yanne! I used to call you a hocus-pocus. But I know better now. I wronged you. You are as ignorant and simple as a babe, and as superstitious as a negro. And you and your kin are the teachers and counsellors of a Christian nation; you are their public school, their college of physicians, their clergy; their

first and last resort on questions pertaining to this world and the next; the only advisers to whom they really listen. It is safe to say that no Greek is ever sincerely converted away from the religion of his church. He cannot be, and he has no need to be. If he remains ignorant, superstition and the ignorant clergy have him in their clutches. If he becomes educated, he finds that he can remain a consistent Greek Christian and relinquish the superstition. *In Argolis*

What a splendid opportunity for doing good an educated and intelligent Greek priesthood would have! I can think of no other way in which an enlightened and patriotic Greek could better serve his country than by becoming a clergyman. But alas! the clergy get small salaries, or none at all, and they live from the superstitions of their flock. This one superstition of the evil eye pays better than any salaries the government would ever be willing or able to grant. It is continual, it is ever-present. If any misfortune happens to any possession of a lower-class Greek, his first thought is of the evil eye. If you admire anything he has,—his wine, his goat, his dog, or his baby,—he performs an incantation as soon as he gets home; and if by

chance the admired object really suffers any mishap, he runs for the priest.

The worst feature about this plaguy evil eye is that friends may inflict it as well as enemies. There is no confidence to be placed in anyone. After Papa-Yanne had sailed away in the bright track of the morning sun, with his five drachmas in his pocket, the servants performed an incantation over the Babycoula. "She is so pretty," they said, "he could not help admiring her."

In fact, every time she is washed they smut her behind one of the ears with charcoal. That is a splendid thing they say for evil eye, which detracts from her beauty, and keeps people from admiring her. The Kyria made a vigorous protest the first time she saw this done, but when she heard the reason she was conquered. She could not resist the implied compliment.

But enough of the evil eye at present. We shall have more to say of it further on.

XVI

THERE was no moon at all last night, only stars — and stars. The sea was a black purple, hieroglyphed with millions of trembling

star-trails. One saw with a light which made him forget the existence of the sun and moon. The ripplets plashed softly on the gray beach, and a thousand nightingales made fairy music in the lemon groves. *In Argolis*

Nightingales, they say, sing best on moonless nights. I do not know how true the statement is, but it accords with my observation.

I went down into the grove, and, walking far up a dim lane, plunged into the utter blackness of the trees. I went on tiptoe in order not to disturb them; but the precaution was unnecessary. The birds were all stark mad with joy and poesy. The lemon trees were blooming with the promise of a new crop, although much unpicked fruit was still hanging on the branches. The still night air was heavy with the perfume of the ripe fruit and the bridal blossoms.

I sat down upon a couch of new-cut hay, and listened to the nightingales. As I have said, the lemon orchards stretch for miles along the seacoast in this part of Greece; and every tree is vocal. I shall attempt no pitiful description of the nightingale's song. The hour and the time have much to do with its influence. Keats has approached the subject in the only proper way, by

In Argolis

imitation of the effect. The bird is a lyric poet, unutterably shy, exquisite and impassioned. If a man has poetry in his soul,—if he is romantic, visionary, chivalrous, unsordid; if he is a dreamer and capable of a grand passion in love,—he can understand the nightingales. The Greeks have a legend that the nightingale sings sweetest with its eyes put out. Perhaps so. The same thing was true of Milton and Homer. It may be true that the utter delirium of poesy is possible only to the heart that is not stained by the glare of this common world; that the light that never was on land or sea exists for those only who forget the sun and moon.

But I have no desire to hear a blind nightingale, nor to see the man cruel enough to put out one's eyes. In the meantime, I prefer to imagine that such men do not exist.

I first heard the nightingale in the King's garden at Athens. I had often listened for the bird, and several times supposed that I heard him; but at last, when he did sing, I knew his voice.

"*In the fair garden of an Eastern king*
We wandered many a dim, moon-deluged night,
To hear the bird of whom old poets write
Sweetest despair, he doth so matchless sing.

"*Often we heard exquisite twittering*
Of little birds that slept, but could not quite
Forget their loves and the intense delight
Of utter freedom and their life a-wing.

"*Sometimes, 'That is the nightingale,' we thought;*
Or, 'Now he sings,' or 'Now.' But when indeed
That clear, seraphic, melancholy throat

"*Discoursed the one pure song to earthlings taught*
We quite forgot the singer: our one heed
Was not to miss a single heavenly note.

"*Lyrist of old romances! What dost know*
Of stolen trystings and the sudden bliss
Of close embraces? What of many a kiss
Pressed on the dear, dead lips of long ago?

"*Thou singest while the Pleiads fall like snow,*
And melt in seas that shall forever miss
The face of dying Sappho; nights like this
Bewitched Dan Chaucer and Boccaccio.

"*Dweller in ancient gardens, overrun*
With the lush rose and long-neglected vine;
Ghost of some bird that, when the moon's above,

"*Doth think it still is singing to the Sun;—*
Oh, to give words to reveries like thine,
Thou haunting Voice of long-forgotten love!"

In Argolis

XVII

THE servants to-day are eating *thalassina*, or sea-food. I don't know what day it is, and I don't care. We long ago gave up all hopes of keeping track of the niceties of their most gastronomic religion. Enough for us, that on this particular day the faithful eat only animals that "have no blood." So they express it, and so they believe. The fishermen have been out all night, therefore, combing the bottom of the sea for octopods, mussels, clams, sea-urchins, and ink-fish. The market resembles the curiosity department of a public aquarium: hideous, creepy, slimy devilfish writhing in shallow baskets; round, prickly echini in piles; heaps of mossy mussels; pale masses of mucous cuttlefish, befouled with an inky secretion; all ecclesiastical delicacies to the Greek Christian, however revolting they may appear to the barbarian foreigner.

And the pinnas,—we must not forget them, nor how they look lying in rows upon the wharf; narrow clams two feet in length, whose shells resemble a negro banjoist's comic winging shoes. They are great frauds, these pinnas, for each one looks as though it might contain food for a dozen men; but pry them apart, and all you find is half

a teacupful of "in'ards" mixed with black mud. They are a great delicacy. A foreigner naturally wonders what purpose is served by this immense disproportion of shell to vital machinery. The Greek, however, has solved the problem, and regards the disproportion as a special dispensation of Providence. The pinna merchant chips a little piece out of one shell without opening it, and empties into the receptacle thus formed the contents of as many other shells as the purchaser desires. The latter then seizes the grotesque object by the hinge, and, holding it daintily at arm's-length, strolls away home, immersed in speculations as to how he will have the mess cooked.

Octopodia were created by the devil. Such, at least, is the theory of Brother Zaraphonides, Greek-American missionary in the island of Andros; and I am inclined to think that the good brother is correct. I should also like to suggest, if Brother Zaraphonides will pardon the presumption, that his satanic majesty caught his idea during a nightmare. But we must drop the subject of the devil. The Greeks avoid all reference to that exalted personage, because he is pleased when he hears himself spoken of on

earth, regarding each repetition of his name as proof of his popularity. And what Christian wishes to please the devil? He is invariably referred to, when reference is absolutely necessary, by a euphemistic phrase which means in translation "The-Old-Get-Away-From-Here."

I cannot think of anything to compare octopodia with. The horrid animal consists of a small body with a disproportionate number of long muscular legs, lined on the under side with round suckers, exactly like those toys which boys attach to the ends of strings and stick to smooth surfaces. The legs of a devilfish are as strong and wriggly as black snakes. Whatever they touch, they choke into like a hangman's noose, and the suckers stick like so many chattel mortgages. When the suckers come away, the flesh comes with them. And then, one after another the dreadfully hideous arms twine about the victim and press it leisurely against the cold filthy mouth;—the picture is too frightful to dwell on.

When I arrived in town this morning, a stalwart Greek had just speared a fair-sized devilfish and pulled him out on the wharf. The dreadful animal was making spidery, sprawly, snaky

squirmings and convulsions toward the water, and the Greek was holding the spear with one hand and thrusting at him viciously with a long knife held in the other. At every thrust the unfortunate monster emitted a sort of squeak, strange and creepy, but unmistakably a cry of agony.

I looked on, fascinated with horror, sick with qualms and a goose-flesh chill. The surrounding Greeks were eyeing the operation with glee, their mouths watering in anticipation of the coming feast. At last the spear was withdrawn, and the captor seized the animal by a safe and dextrous hold, and, swinging the sprawling mass high above his head, slapped it viciously upon the stone pier. This move was repeated again and again, and at every slap the squeak of agony grew fainter. When I went away, the man was rhythmically bending, swinging, slapping. When I returned, two hours afterwards, he was doing the same thing, regular as an automaton. I then noticed that a slight quiver of life still showed in the snake-like arms. How long it took to kill the devilfish, I do not know; but I do know that the man kept slapping it upon the stones for a couple of hours after its death, to make it tender.

In Argolis

In telling the above story, I know that I lay myself open to the unjust criticism which is often inflicted upon the realistic painter.

A distinguished artist and myself were once looking at a marvellous, incredible sunset. Said I, "D——, were you to paint this as it is now, nobody would believe you. What would you do in such a case?"

"I would tell the truth," he said, "and let the critics go to—Texas."

Echini are a trifle smaller than a base-ball, and are perfectly round. They are either brown or a very dark blue in color, and are covered with spines about an inch long, as sharp as cambric needles. Dr. Rufus B. Richardson, Director of the American School at Athens, thinks these spines are poisonous; he stepped on an echinus one day when he was in bathing. The echinus has a tiny round mouth, with four projecting teeth on one side, and he is filled with sea-water, mud, and lines of yellow fish-eggs that ray from a single point like the arching rafters of a dome. He walks on his spines, rolling as he advances. If you wish to eat a sea-urchin, you cut him in two, drop in a little lemon-juice, and scoop up the contents with a piece of dry bread. I was tempted

POROS

once to try the experiment, for the simple reason that these curious animals are classical food. I could detect no taste, save that of mingled lemon-juice and sea-water. *In Argolis*

XVIII

LOUKAS married his sister yesterday. I am afraid that this statement, without an explanation, would convey a wrong impression. Loukas (with the accent sharply on the last syllable) was our former boatman,—the same who distinguished himself by starving from four o'clock in the morning and then eating half a goat at seven in the evening. He had two sisters, and, as he was the only money-making member of his family, those girls meant a responsibility to him that could hardly be comprehended by an American brother. It became his duty—a matter of the tenderest family honor, in fact—to see that they were married.

Now it is next to impossible for a Greek girl to marry without a *præka*, or *dot*,—ready money, or property of some kind, clothing, bedding, furniture, household utensils. Every girl, as soon as she is able to hold a needle, begins to work on

In Argolis

her *prœka*, and to stow away needful articles for her future home. From the day of a daughter's birth, father and mother begin saving and setting aside money for her future husband. The larger the *prœka*, the more desirable are the suitors who present themselves. One can well imagine that girls are not welcome to Greek fathers.

So it was necessary for Loukas, before he could think of matrimony himself, to provide *prœkas* for his two sisters. He began as a ferryman at the age of sixteen, and by the time he was twenty-eight he had, by the most desperate economy, saved up fifteen hundred drachmas. A fellow-ferryman agreed to accept this, together with the elder sister; and thus a marriage was arranged.

The wedding took place in the afternoon at four, and the *prœkika* — or *prœka* things — were carried to the groom's house at nine in the morning of the same day. I assisted at the latter interesting ceremony.

Arriving at the house a few moments before the hour, I found the *prœkika* laid out in state in the humble sitting-room. They consisted of an iron bed with brass knobs, a cherry-colored bureau ornamented with white flowers, bedding, numerous pillows in embroidered silk cases, cop-

per kettles and other kitchen implements, and a trunk filled with the embroidered underwear and handkerchiefs on which the bride had been working since her earliest childhood. All these articles were decorated with colored ribbons, which the mother enjoined on the friends of Loukas not to lose for their souls' sakes, as they had been borrowed from the neighbors. But the most picturesque objects of the *prækika* were the copper implements, polished like cymbals, and of all sizes and shapes, from a huge wash-boiler to a set of long-handled *brikas* for boiling coffee.

Two long poles had been bound to the bureau by means of ropes, to facilitate transportation.

The friends of Loukas arrived at half-past nine, headed by two musicians with guitar and mandolin. The players had been hired, soul and body, from Friday night till Tuesday morning; and they thrummed the strings incessantly.

The friends burst riotously into the house, and a noisy but playful fight over the various articles ensued, each member of the party trying to evince greater zeal than the others. At last the bureau started down the steep whitewashed steps, four men holding the poles; after it came

a lubberly boy, triumphantly bearing the wash-boiler, that outgleamed the morning sun; then an indiscriminate mob with pillows, portions of the bed, crockery, more copper implements, and whatever else they could lay their hands on. They knew exactly what to take, for the groom's best man (*coumbaros*) had been over the night before with the catalogue, and had checked off the things, from the big bureau down to the bride's last embroidered handkerchief. This list had been agreed to by both sides at the time of the matrimonial negotiations; and Loukas and his mother would have been disgraced had a single article been missing.

Down the steep, crooked, narrow streets, the queer procession filed, headed by the music and followed by all the boys in Poros. From white houses perched on the sides of overhanging rocks, *confetti* rained upon their heads; laughing women crowded little balconies and looked down at them; sailors, sitting in tavern doors in the shade of huge wine-tuns, reviled them merrily; and an old Greek in a red fez, who sat smoking a *narghile* under an arbor of vines, tapped merrily on his table with the mouthpiece of his pipe, and hummed the tune of the guitar. They

had played that same music fifty years ago, when he was married. *In Argolis*

The upper story of Loukas's house overlooked the roof of the house below. Sitting on his rickety balcony, one saw the tiled roofs descending to the sea like the steps in a giant stairway. The site of the town is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and there is not a house in it but commands a stretch of glimmering water and the distant mountains. The streets are crooked, stony, and unspeakably filthy; and numerous narrow alleys and unoccupied yards form convenient dumping-places for dead animals and refuse. And yet vines trail over the rickety balconies, and in every window carefully tended flowers bloom in red earthen pots. Strange people! Strange mixture of a love of the pure and beautiful in nature with utter insensibility to the ugliness of filth and stench! A Greek cannot live without his vine or his flowerpot and his view of the sea, but he cares nothing for the condition of his back alley; he will come out upon his balcony in his nightgown every morning in summer, in time to watch the sun rise; but he will notice nothing incongruous in the mortal remains of a cat, slowly evaporating on a rock ten feet below his nose. Greek island

In Argolis

towns are painted white, and they look very beautiful across the shimmering sea, with their background of cypress and olive trees and silver-gray and purple hills. They impress one sailing past with the idea of cleanliness, pastoral innocence, and poetic charm. But what a disillusion they harbor for the one who comes within nosing distance of them!

Loukas's sister, the bride, sat on an old-fashioned sofa, with high back and ends. She was attired in a yellow silk dress, and wore a yellow kerchief embroidered with white flowers. The latter was tied in such a manner that it enframed her heavy, stupidly shrewd face, and was folded over her shoulders in a triangle that came to a point in the middle of her broad back. A gold pin with a round head held the triangle in place. Her feet were encased in thick leather shoes, with pointed toes and enormously high heels. They were a product of the village shoe-shop, and were supposed to be imitations of the latest Parisian style. As the poor girl had passed most of her time barefoot, her feet were very broad, and the abrupt curving of the shoes toward the point gave them a circular appearance. Her large calloused hands were covered with white cotton gloves.

All the chairs in the house had been set about the room close up against the wall, and a dozen or more of the bride's female friends flanked her on either side. All the faces were squarely framed in colored kerchiefs, and the embroidered triangle adorned every fair back. The women looked clean and neat; but the men, who slouched in and seated themselves awkwardly on the edges of the chairs, with hands on knees, were uncouth and gawky, and did not remove their soft hats. *In Argolis*

At each new arrival a tray was passed around, containing a fruit-jar filled with mastiche paste, several small glasses of cognac and larger ones of water, and a pile of teaspoons. Each guest is expected to take a clean spoon and gouge out a mouthful of the paste, after eating which he drops the spoon into a glass of water and takes a drink. This outfit, with infinite possible substitutions for the mastiche paste, is the universal expression of hospitality in Greece. It corresponds with the bread and salt of the Arabs.

Finally a great uproar was heard out of doors. A hundred little boys shouted Ἔρχεται, Ἔρχεται (He comes! He comes!), and the cry was taken up by the women on the balconies and in the windows. I looked down. In a moment a tiny

In Argolis

boy turned the corner and walked solemnly up the hill in the middle of the street. With outstretched arms he bore an immense tray, one side of which rested against his stomach. On the tray were two bridal wreaths of white orange-blossoms, and two immense ornamental candles of white wax, tied with satin ribbons. The boy felt the importance of his trust, and walked with as much dignity and solemnity as though he had been the Metropolitan himself at Easter service. Behind him at a fitting distance came the groom with his party. They followed the wreaths and candles up the whitewashed steps into the house. The little sitting-room, already stiflingly full, was packed like a street-car in "rush" hours. Officious friends seized the groom by the shoulders, and backed and jammed him through the room to the divan where the bride was sitting. He took his place beside her, and there they sat for fifteen or twenty minutes, hot and uncomfortable, and trying to appear like perfect strangers — as very possibly they were. Every woman present kissed the groom and stuffed a silk handkerchief into his pocket.

As soon as everybody was ready, we all started for the church in two parties, the groom and

WAITING FOR BRIDAL PROCESSION

his friends keeping themselves separate from the bride and hers. After the ceremony in the little church on the top of the hill, we all went to the groom's house together. A pomegranate was lying on the threshold, upon which the bride dutifully stepped, crushing the seeds out of it as an indication of desired fruitfulness. What a thrill of delight that one little act, so appropriate to this land, gave me! The great gods have turned pale and faded away before the fierce sun of Christianity, like the stars at the coming of day; yet many of the old, sweet echoes linger to woo the heart that cannot quite forget its pagan yearnings. There was a pomegranate in the hand of the gold-and-ivory statue of Hera, the goddess of fertility, by Polycleitus, at Argos.

In Argolis

As the couple entered the house, the groom's mother tied them arm to arm with a handkerchief, and offered them a cup of wine, out of which both drank. After this, they sat side by side upon their own sofa, receiving the congratulations of friends.

In Argolis

XIX

LOUKAS slept downstairs on the kitchen floor last night. We had been over to town to a Punch and Judy show, and he brought us home. Our old friends Punch and Judy, by the way, are very popular in Greece, where they go under the alias of *Perikle* and *Phasoles*.

It was eleven o'clock when we arrived home. There was no moon, and the stars shone with a ghostly light. So Loukas tied his boat to the stone pier, and humbly begged that we allow him to sleep in the house. As there was no half-goat involved, I granted the request; for I knew what was on his mind. The distance from our house to town was only twenty minutes, yet nothing could have induced the poor fellow to go alone: he was afraid of the Nereids.

One has been seen in these parts of late,—and who knows where and when she may turn up again, or what harm she may do? Macaulay (or was it Gibbon, or Carlyle, or perhaps Mark Twain?) was not absolutely correct when he said, "The immortal gods are all dead." Many of them are still stalking about on the sacred soil of Hellas, in the white light of Christianity. Clothed in the garbs of the Christian saints, they retain

their old pagan attributes. They have been re- *In Argolis*
christened, but not converted.

The Nereids, however, have come down to us through all the ages of Byzantine iconoclasm, Venetian insolence, Slav brutality, Turkish degradation, as rosy and bright as they were in the heyday of the beautiful gods; and they have not even changed their names. They hide away in dim forests and in lonely places of the sea, or lurk in classic river or in woodland fount. The Greek peasant frankly calls them Nereids, and he believes in them as simply and as firmly as he does in Christ or the Virgin. One reads of this in a book of travels, and it does not make much impression upon him. He feels as though he were being told of some superstition that became extinct ages ago, or as though the traveller had been misled in some way.

The sensation is quite different when your boatman, your priest, or your wife's sewing-girl tells you a tale of Nereids that have been actually seen and heard. The hand of time seems to turn back a couple of thousands of years on the great dial, and you realize that you are hearing and speaking the Greek tongue. Nereid women are very beautiful, and the modern Greeks believe that they live a thousand years.

In Argolis

The ancients determined the age attained by nymphs, by means of a sliding scale, invented by Hesiod, and referred to by several later writers —Plutarch among others. Here it is:

ἐννέα τοι ξώει γενεὰς λακέρυζα κορώνη
ἀνδρῶν ἡβώντων· ἔλαφος δέ τε τετράκορωνος·
τρεῖς δ' ἐλάφους ὁ κόραξ γηράσκεται αὐτὰρ ὁ φοίνιξ
ἐννέα τοὺς κόρακας· δέκα δ' ἡμεῖς τοὺς φοίνικας
νύμφαι ἐυ πλόκαμοι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

As this is an important bit of natural history, the non-classical reader will perhaps pardon me for translating it:

The crow doth live and sing his raucous song
Nine mortal lives: the stag four times as long
As doth the crow, yet short of days is he;
The raven multiplies those years by three!
The Phœnix doth frequent the light of day
Till nine successive ravens pass away;
And to us nymphs, fair daughters of dread Jove,
Ten Phœnix' lives are given for joy and love!

One naturally asks himself, Did the Greek children of old-time learn that lingo as our own do "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," or the rhymed catalogue of the English Kings? Very possibly. There have been

mean old men in all ages who have studied up things for poor little children to learn! *In Argolis*

Nereids sometimes show themselves to simple countrymen, who fall in love with them. They have the power of becoming invisible, and they wear magic veils from which they derive their superhuman attributes. Whoever snatches a Nereid's veil becomes the creature's lord and master. She will follow him thereafter and do his every bidding. As they are pagan spirits, they are of course terrified by the sign of the cross, and are immediately rendered incapable of mischief thereby.

The comely and adventurous Condouriotes, shipwrecked upon the coast of Greece, captured a not unwilling Nereid, and descendants of their union still exist and are proud of their superhuman origin. A well-known Athenian family boasts of a Nereid great-grandmother. In both these cases, as in all similar ones, the Nereid finally vanished, and was nevermore heard of, or seen by mortal eyes.

These strange creatures are capable of assuming any form they desire. They inspire terror in the beholder, or fascinate him with their beauty. The ardent shepherd who creeps up behind one

and seizes her finds himself struggling for one moment with a bear, and the next with a lion. But if his heart be stout and he do not let go, he holds at length a beautiful golden-haired maiden in his arms, her cheeks blushing with shame, her heart fluttering from the violence of the struggle.

Although most Greeks are dark, golden locks and blue eyes are still the poetical dream of nobility in that classic land, as Greek literature abundantly testifies that they have been from earliest times.

Nereids enjoy music and dancing. As all gods are of human invention, so these ancient sprites of fountain and forest have suffered certain modifications of character and habit as times and ideas have changed.

A certain shepherd, belated of a moonlight night, heard above him in the air songs and laughter, and the sweet strumming of a guitar. Looking up, he saw, floating by, a bridal procession of beautiful youths and maidens. Being a good Christian, he uttered a hasty prayer to the Virgin, took aim at the ethereal bridegroom, and fired. Instantly he heard a shriek of pain; the fair bride in orange wreath and gaudy gar-

ments floating in the moon, the slender rosy groom, the musicians, and all the merry rout, vanished; and a wail of many voices tapered and died down the wafting wind. *In Argolis*

Three Nereid sisters live in the Kephissos River, near Patissia. Two of them are beautiful, kind-hearted creatures, very fond of small children. The other is lame and ugly. Now along the Kephissos, two or three miles from Athens, are numerous small gardens, irrigated by the water from the river, upon which are situated the houses of the owners. These latter are simple children of nature, most of whom can neither read nor write, but who have almost daily encounters with the three Nereid sisters. Any of the gardeners along the Kephissos will tell you of personal or hearsay adventures with them. When I say "you," of course I mean under certain restrictions. Students of folk-lore are aware of the strange shyness which prevents the peasants of any country from opening their hearts. You must speak the language, you must win their confidence, you must make them think that you also are a believer and are one of them.

The Kyria's sewing-girl, Margarita, passed her childhood in a lonely cabin on the banks of

the Kephissos. She has never seen any of the Nereids face to face, but she has frequently heard them laughing and singing in the rushes. But she has stronger proof even than this of their existence, as she has often told the Kyria, volubly and with many signings of the cross. She knows personally neighbors whose children have been stolen away for hours at a time to play with the Nereids. On such occasions, the lame sister, who it seems is a sort of servant and drudge of the other two, is sent to take the baby home. If it is a beautiful child, she is apt to be jealous of it, being herself ugly; and she pinches and otherwise maltreats it on the way home. Small children living along the Kephissos have a wholesome fear of the Nereids, and stay close about the house after nightfall. Margarita has often seen a black-and-blue spot left by the vicious blows and pinches of the lame sister.

If any of my readers still doubt that such beings exist, I have only to cite the experience of Kyr' Deinas, who keeps a rustic *café* by the bridge at Kephissia.

Kyr' Deinas heard some curious, inexplicable noises, one summer night, and he went out on the bridge in his night-robe, when, whiz! a rude

blast of cold wind struck him and a sudden puff of dust swirled by. There was something about this experience which convinced Kyr' Deinas that an angry Nereid had just passed him. He does not know exactly what gave him the impression, but he has not a doubt as to the correctness of his surmise, and his neighbors one and all believe as he does. He saved himself from injury, of course, by the talismanic sign of the cross. All Greeks learn to make this sign in infancy, and they make it mechanically, often unconsciously; and a good thing it is too, as it frequently saves them from harm—as witness the case of Kyr' Deinas.

Margarita's story of her great-grandfather and the Nereid is a tradition in the family. But that, perhaps, is worthy of being put into a separate chapter. The reader must judge for himself.

XX

"MY great-grandfather," said Margarita, "was a priest in the island of Naxos. One day he was going home from a farm-house where he had been to perform an *agiasmo* [blessing]. He was riding a little donkey, and, as the

day was hot, was carrying an umbrella over his head. So he was jogging along, almost asleep,—for he was a good and just man, and had nothing on his conscience to keep him awake. All at once, when he was come to a very lonely part of the road, he heard a little child crying. At first he thought he had been dreaming; for though he stopped his donkey and looked around, he saw nothing at all. But when he started the donkey again, he heard the same cry a second time, '*Wa! wa! wa!*—Don't leave me, don't leave me!' and there behind a bush lay a very little girl, a mere baby, too small to talk. This, somehow, did not occur to my great-grandfather, who was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of children, young as he was—about thirty. Besides, the babe was very beautiful, with cheeks like roses and the bluest eyes.

"'What 's the matter, little one, and why do you cry?' he asked her.

"'My mamma has gone off and left me all alone, and I 'm afraid.'

"'Don't cry; she 'll come back again.'

"'No, she won't. She said she would n't ever come back.'

"My great-grandfather did n't believe it pos-

sible that any mother could desert so pretty a child, but at the same time he thought it dangerous for the little thing to be left there alone in the woods.

"'Which way did your mamma go?' he asked. She pointed toward town,—the very way that he was going. 'I'll take her up before me,' he thought. 'Perhaps we'll overtake her mother.'

"So he closed his umbrella, got down, and picked the baby up; then, holding her in his arms, he climbed back on the donkey. But he had no sooner started than she began to grow and grow, and before he realized what was happening, he was holding in his arms a very lovely young woman, with lips like pomegranate blossoms and hair like ripe wheat. He was a young man—my great-grandfather was at that time—and very handsome; and though a priest, he was of course human, like other men. She leaned her head back upon his shoulder, and looked up at him, half laughing, half crying. Her yellow hair slipped over his arm and fell nearly to the ground. He wanted to bend down and kiss her pomegranate lips. Then the idea occurred to him, 'Holy Virgin! Suppose anyone should see me! Why, I should be ruined!'

"He reached into his robes and took out his style, which he used for writing down his appointments, and he made the sign of the cross on her brow. When he did this, she gave a great scream, and turned white even to the lips—white as snow. So he knew that she was a Nereid, and that, having made the sign of the cross on her, he had her in his power. He took her home with him, and kept her in his house for many, many years, where she worked as a servant. In fact, she stayed there until my great-grandfather's death."

"How did she finally come to leave?" asked the Kyria, much interested.

"Why, when my great-grandfather became an old man, he was taken sick, and Joanna—that was the name he gave her—came into his room and said to him, 'You are going to die.'

"'Poh! Poh! Poh!' said my great-grandfather; 'I am good for twenty years yet.'

"'No,' said Joanna, 'you're going to die now,' and she repeated it so solemnly that he believed it.

"'I want to ask one favor of you before you go. I have always served you well and honestly, because I loved you. But now you are going

away, and I shall be left here alone with the Papadia [priest's wife], who hates me. She will put crosses on all the bread, and I shall starve to death.' She had grown old with the family, just like the rest. But now as she talked she suddenly grew young again, with yellow hair and pomegranate lips, just as she was that day when my great-grandfather came so near kissing her."

"What did she mean," asked the Kyria, "by putting crosses on all the bread?"

"Why, you see," explained Margarita, "in a priest's family a cross is marked on every loaf before it is put into the oven. Of course a Nereid could not eat bread that had been marked with a cross."

"No, of course not," interrupted the Kyria.

"And so my great-grandfather used at every baking to see that a special loaf was put in for Joanna, without any cross on it. Well, my great-grandfather saw the justice of her plea, and he rose, sick as he was, and went and gathered some very powerful herbs, and boiled them, and dipped his finger in the tea, and made some signs on her forehead, and said some words that he knew of, to take away the cross; and all of a sudden, *tak!*

she vanished. Then he went back to bed and died."

"Do many people know about this?" asked the Kyria.

"Pah! thousands; and, besides, there is no doubt about it, because the Nereid, before she went, made my great-grandfather promise that he would never allow any member of his family to be called John or Joanna. 'That was the name you gave me,' she said, 'and I shall be jealous of any other members of your family ever called by it, and I will take vengeance on them. They shall be deaf or dumb, lame or deformed in some way!' *Na!* There's my uncle John, who has a club-foot!"

XXI

THE Kyria feels like a murderess. The gardener's baby died this morning, and its mother and all her friends accuse the Kyria of having cast the evil eye upon the little one. It was a beautiful child, four months old, with wonderful big brown eyes. It had a look of rare cherubic intelligence too, and smiled in the most captivating way. The parents feel the loss more keenly because it was a little boy.

Two or three days ago the Kyria stopped the gardener's wife and went into various feminine ecstasies over the baby. *In Argolis*

"How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed; "what lovely eyes! And see it smile! Oh, you dear little thing!" etc., etc., as women will. As these ecstasies were given vent in Greek, the poor mother knew that her child was being admired. She was not frightened at the time, because she was pleased and flattered; but that very evening her child was taken sick, and then, of course, she knew what the matter was. There was no doubt whatever in her mind. She was as clear about the cause and effect as a doctor is when a patient has taken poison. They performed incantations all night; that we knew because they sent over in great haste to borrow a handful of cloves of Katina, and the latter went in person to assist, and to try the merits of a certain magic formula of which she is the sole possessor.

I tried one day to persuade Katina to communicate this formula to me; but nothing would induce her, not even the promise of a new dress.

"These words were told to me," she said, "by an old woman who is now dead. If anyone hears them, they will lose their force till after my

death. Just before I die, I shall tell them to somebody else, who can use them after I am gone."

There are many women in Greece who possess these valuable secrets, which seem to vary in potency according to their own intrinsic merit, and perhaps according to the individuality of the person for the time being in possession of them.

When Katina arrived at the gardener's cabin, she found the poor little babe quite sick indeed, and moaning piteously. A cradle had been improvised for it from the lid of a trunk, which, being convex, could be rocked very well.

"*Doxa tou theou!*" (Glory to God!) cried the mother, as Katina entered with the cloves. They began the incantation at once. First, Katina took the cloves between her finger and thumb and made the sign of the cross three times over the child. Then she stuck a pin into the head of one and lit the stem in the blaze of the candle. As the clove burned, she again made the sacred sign thrice over the child, mumbling rapidly and indistinctly, so that no one present might hear the words of her mystic formula. While this was going on, the others present crossed themselves again and again with solemn bows and a long sweeping movement of the arm, repeating, "In

the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Whenever the clove popped, they cried, with joy and relief, "Glory to God, it's leaving, it's leaving!" The snapping of the clove is considered a sign that the Eye is being lifted.

The three cloves were burned, and the mother's face was wreathed in smiles, while tears of gratitude flowed from her eyes. Strange to say, however, the child got no better. This was not due to want of potency in the charm. It was because the Kyria had admired the baby excessively, and had no doubt been jealous of it as more beautiful than her own. Therefore the Eye had a strong, a fearful hold.

At four o'clock in the morning Katina heard a tapping at the window. Looking out, she saw the gardener's wife standing in the dim light, pale and troubled.

"My baby is worse," she said. "Will you not come and do another incantation?" She went; but even this one failed. To the horror of the women, none of the cloves popped. At eight o'clock, when the Kyria went downstairs, she found the Paramana awaiting her.

"Will you not go and spit on the gardener's child?" the latter asked.

"Spit on the gardener's child? Merciful sakes! No, of course not. Why should I spit on the gardener's child?"

"Because they fear you have cast the evil eye on it, when you said it was a beautiful baby three days ago. If you spit on it, maybe the Eye will go away."

"What makes them think I have cast the evil eye on it? Why, it's a dear little thing. I wouldn't hurt it for the world."

"But you can cast the evil eye without wishing to. All that is necessary is to think that a thing is beautiful. Besides, the baby has been sick all night, and is worse."

The Kyria posted off immediately after the best doctor in town, whom she had at the cabin inside of an hour.

"Pneumonia," he said. "One chance in five to save the child if they do as I tell them. Had I been called in immediately, the cure would have been easier. They have been sleeping out on the damp ground in the garden, the child with them."

He left directions for treatment, and a prescription which the Kyria had filled and took herself to the cabin. The parents threw away

the medicine, and called in a priest, who read the service for lifting the evil eye. *In Argolis*

To-day the child died. That is why the Kyria feels like a murderess.

If some archæologist with plenty of money were to come over here and invest in a lot of these incantation formulæ, he might unearth a few having a very antique flavor. The evil eye itself is one of the most ancient of superstitions. It dates back,—but I am resolved not to be learned. As for the archæologist, I would advise him not to be jubilant over his results, for the peasants would probably take his money and then tell him some hocus-pocus or other that they never thought of using.

At any rate, these incantations are a strange mixture of Christian influence and paganism. The continual use of the number three symbolizes Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Christian cross has superseded the Iynx,[1] but the idea of the potency of an incantation is in itself essentially pagan.

[1] *The Iynx, generally supposed to be the wryneck, a bird which ancient sorcerers tied to the magic wheel. See Second Idyll of Theocritus, where a woman performs an incantation.*

In Argolis

XXII

THE Babycoula is as white as fresh goat's milk and as red as a winter rose, and she hasn't a freckle on her, despite the fact that she is out in the lemon orchard every day from morning till night.

Do you know why her complexion is perfect? Simply because the Dada and the Paramana attended to her "Marti." On the first of March they tied a red ribbon around the chubby little wrist, to act as a charm against the raw winds of that month. Such a piece of ribbon is called a "Marti," and it is a sure talisman against freckles and sunburn. As they tied it somewhat tight, it almost disappeared before the thirty-one days were completed, and the Kyria became anxious about the circulation of the blood. In fact, the nights of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth she awoke me several times to ask if I thought there was any danger that the little darling's hand would drop off, and to assure me that in the morning she would remove that ribbon whether or no. The Dada and the Paramana made such a firm stand, however, that she was obliged to yield. They pointed triumphantly to Babycoula's perfect complexion, and asked the Kyria if

she wished to interfere with such work as that.

In Argolis

The Kyria heard the servants leaving the house very early on the morning of the first of April; they went out on tiptoe to escape attention, for they had been ordered never to take the Babycoula out of the house before ten o'clock. A triumphant, joyous squeal betrayed the culprits, and the sun was not yet up!

It must have been standing at that moment on the very door-sill of the world; for by the time the Kyria got down into the garden, its great disk stood edgewise on the sea. She hastened up the path, wrath in her eye; for fever lurks in these Greek gardens in the early morning. She was quite disarmed by the sight of the Babycoula returning down a vista of full-blown lemon trees, in company with her two devoted tirewomen. The little one was attired in her best white dress; and two long-stemmed April roses, red as blood, swayed and nodded in her cap.

The dew on trees and bushes was all afire, the birds were singing, and the Babycoula laughed and jumped when she saw the Kyria.

"We have been up hanging her Marti in a rose bush," explained the Paramana.

"But why did you go so early?"

"Ah, you must hang it up while the dew is still on the bush, before the sun is up. Then Babycoula will be cool all summer and fresh as dew."

This was a consummation devoutly to be wished. What right-minded mother could object to such praiseworthy zeal?

Greek women make devoted nurses, for the reason that the Greek people in general are passionately fond of children. They have a proverb that "A house without a child in it is a cold house"; and another, "A baby is a nightingale in the house."

When a man becomes a father in Greece, he acquires immediately a certain standing in the community, a footing of respect, as it were, a dignity and importance which the childless man never enjoys. His neighbors take off their hats to him with greater reverence than before, and people with whom he had not even a speaking acquaintance cross the road and ask him about the baby with genuine interest. If the little one is ill, the whole community is aroused ready to help and to sympathize. If it dies—which Heaven forbid!—men weep who have never seen it. The ordinary Greek word for baby is "a joy." Childless couples are supposed to be ineligible to the

joys of Paradise. For this reason it is difficult for a priest to get a church before he becomes a father. Though no church canon exists to this effect, yet there is a strong unwritten law in force among the lower orders. "How can a man be permitted to handle the Holy Symbols and administer the Sacrament," they argue, "who himself cannot go to Paradise?" *In Argolis*

A woman who bears a child is blessed, therefore, especially if it be a boy, and one who bears two is twice blessed; but do not suppose that we have hereby established a plain line of arithmetical reasoning. Triplets are viewed with horror, and the woman who gives birth to them is, by public opinion, adjudged guilty of blasphemy. There are three persons in the Holy Trinity, and no human being is allowed to encroach on the use of that sacred number. The common people believe that the marriage tie should be dissolved on account of the birth of triplets, and I have heard it stated time and again that the Metropolitan actually does annul marriages for that reason. I have not investigated the rumor, because it sounds incredible. The actual canons and creed of the Greek Church are too sensible.

In Argolis

XXIII

KATINA, the Paramana, cannot believe that we did not set out a table for the Three Fates, the third night after the Babycoula was born.

"Are you not afraid they will be angry," she asked, "and bring her bad luck in some way?"

The Kyria poh-poh'd the idea, for she doesn't believe at all in the Fates; but she would feel easier in her mind, all the same, had she set out a table for them. When you live in a country where supernatural beings are so innocently and frankly believed in, when you meet people every day who have seen and heard those beings, an uncanny feeling comes over you at last, and you conclude there is no harm in being on the safe side.

And who can say with absolute certainty that the Three Fates and the Nereids do not exist? Who can say it of any god or supernatural being that is, or has been, believed in by men? If supernatural intelligences exist at all, why should they not do so under one conception as well as under another?

So many people in Greece have seen or heard the Three Fates! For me, it is as easy to believe

in them as it is to believe that the Virgin of Lourdes appeared to a shepherdess.

"I was so poor when my little boy came," said the Paramana, "that I could n't set them out anything to eat or drink. So I put on the table a pen, a bottle of ink, and some paper. I hoped that they would see that I had n't forgotten them, and would take pity on us, and would fate my boy to be a secretary and earn his living in an office."

Now was n't that pathetic, pagan though it was? Poor Katina's husband had run away from her at this time, and her only resource for herself and her children was her needle, by which she earned about fifteen cents a day. Now that she was in bed she was depending upon the charity of the neighbors for bread and cheese. To her mind, a young man who was earning twelve dollars a month writing in a government office was a bloated aristocrat.

That was the grand destiny which she, lying there, weak, ignorant, half-starved, was praying the Three Fates to mete out to the tiny baby at her breast. May her prayer be referred to the right department, and may her hopes be realized a hundred times!

"Ah," she continued, "you who are so wealthy could have spread a beautiful white table-cloth, and could have set out Syrian *loukoumi*, Samos wine, oranges, and cakes, and all in splendid dishes. Who knows how fortunately your Babycoula might have been fated!"

For the Three Fates come on the third night and decide what the child's lot in life shall be. Are they not worth propitiating with the best banquet possible?

Katina, by the way, is a treasure-house of useful information on the subject of raising babies. Here are some of the points which she has given the Kyria:

If anybody holds the baby before a mirror, there will be an addition to the family within a year.

It is very bad to mention any disease before either mother or child during the first forty days after birth; such mention is almost certain to invite the appearance of the disease.

Neither must any animal be spoken of during this time, as the baby may acquire some of the evil characteristics of that animal.

Do not kiss the baby on the back of the neck; if you do, it will have a violent temper.

If you kiss its feet, it will not learn to walk quickly. *In Argolis*

If the upper teeth come through first, baby will be a grief to its parents.

Do not ride on a donkey with the baby, before its teeth come through. If you do, it will have donkey teeth, large and prominent.

The people upon whom the baby calls for the first time will run and get something white and present to it, if they are thoughtful people and posted in Greek etiquette. This ensures the little one a fair complexion, and is a precaution especially to be observed in the case of girls.

The first time baby puts its toe in its mouth, you know that it has eaten a *touloumi* (sack made of goat's skin) of milk.

If you notice that your hair comes out easily, that is a sure sign that baby has recognized you.

If baby's hair grows first and most luxuriously in the back of the neck, the next one will be a boy.

This, and much more of a similar nature, is all gospel to every Greek mother.

In Argolis

XXIV

EVEN as I write, Katina is singing the Babycoula asleep in the next room, with an interminable drowsy drone, interspersed with the oft-repeated chorus, "Nani, Nani, Babycoula mou-ou-ou-ou,"—the last "ou" always ejaculated, as though the singer had been unexpectedly slapped between the shoulders.

I wonder who the original Mother Goose was? She must have appeared on earth long before the tower of Babel fell, and even perhaps while fig-leaves were yet in fashion. There is a thread of common origin running through the child-songs of all tongues, that seems to string them together, and connects them with that early time which the comparative philologists are so fond of speculating about. In each country, of course, the objects and personages that figure in the babies' lyrics are things familiar to the little listeners. In Greece, for instance, priests take the place of Jack and Jill, and papa is always coming home with *loukoumi* in a paper sack. The ever-present and picturesque priest cuts a large figure in the metaphorical language of the peasant. Warts are "priests," and so are toes protruding through holes in the stocking. A boil on

any part of the body is also a "priest." A child that in America is whipped within an inch of its life, is in Greece "given such a cuff that the priest looks like a spinning-whorl." *In Argolis*

"Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,"—there was no baker in Eve's day, but it is almost certain that the mother of us all taught Cain and Abel to beat their little palms together, and that she said something sweet and foolish to them meanwhile. Here is what the Greek mothers sing:

Παλαμάκια παίξετε,
ὁ παπάς σου ἔρχεται,
θὰ σοῦ φέρῃ κατιτί—
λουκουμάκια 'στὸ χαρτί.

Which means something like

Palamakia, play it nice;
Papa's coming in a trice,
And he'll bring loukoumi back
In a little paper sack.

How is this for "Jack and Jill went up the hill"?

Two little monks
Go along the road, the road;
One goes for water,
The other goes for mush;

And they wrangle and they fight,
And they kill each other.

"The two little monks" are baby's chubby feet, that fly back and forth for a moment or so as they lie in mother's lap, and then become quiet again.

"Creep, mousie; creep, mousie" masquerades in Greece in a rabbit skin, that crawls up to baby's neck on the tips of mother's fingers just as shyly, and produces just as loud a squeal of mimic fright, as the English mousie.

Go, rabbit; go, rabbit;
Go, rabbit, to get a drink
At the little baby's neck.

How little of art, and how much of genuine motherhood, is in these songs! One can see how they must have come into the world without any author at all, simply forced out of the mother-heart like bird-lyrics. Given a happy woman with a little stranger that must be amused, that is doing wonderful new things every day, that is looking at the world through innocent, inquiring eyes,—and the result is poetry, imagination, love, beauty. What could be sweeter than this?

Steamer, little steamer *In*
Sailing smoothly, smoothly, *Argolis*
With the golden sail
And the silver cross,
Smoothly go and smoothly come
And don't forget the Babycoula!

"Trot, trot to Boston, to buy a loaf of bread" would hardly recognize its Greek confrère,—

τὸ μπεμπέ μας θέλει χορό'
κὰι τὰ βιόλια δέν εἶν' ἐδῶ,
πιὸς πάει νὰ τα φέρει
ἕνα τόλλερο' 'στὸ χερει;

My little baby wants to dance,
And the fiddler's gone by chance;
Who will fetch him and will pay
Him a dollar bill to play?

But whatever other songs are sung to the Babycoula, not a day passes without frequent repetition of the formula for the putting forth of teeth. If nature sees fit to comply with it, the little one will be getting teeth without knowing it.

Like the bride, like the bride,
Like the little bride,
Like the groom, like the groom
May the tooth come out in front!

In Argolis The first three lines are spoken very slowly, the last two quickly. May the tooth push up as shyly and slowly as a bashful shepherd girl comes for the first time to her husband's arms; but when it gets all ready, may it leap out like the groom hastening to his bride!

XXV

WE have just passed through the Megale Evdomas, or, as it is known in our language, Holy Week. We went over to see the services in commemoration of the descent from the cross and the burial of Christ. All the churches in town were filled to overflowing. The Kyria, true to her feminine predilections, went to Papa-Yanne's church, where she was received with great distinction and given place by the horns of the altar. There are but few seats in a Greek church. The interior was brilliantly and at the same time softly illuminated; for all the candles in the hanging chandeliers had been lighted, and every worshipper carried a burning wax taper. The glass pendants of the chandelier, and the profuse gold paint on the *eikons* of the saints with which the walls and dome were covered,

glittered with a cheap, gaudy, and almost barbaric splendor. On the middle of the screen, hiding the holy of holies from vulgar eyes, St. George, the patron of the church, wreaked tawdry vengeance on a bright green dragon. The saint bestrode a horse of gigantic body and long arching neck, with an incredibly small head that reminded one of a serpent issuing from the faucet hole of a barrel. George himself did not appear to be over twelve years of age, and he was looking anywhere except at the fabulous monster whom he was destroying. As to the physical attributes of a dragon, the artist seems to have been wholly at sea, and pardonably so,—for who has ever seen a dragon? His ideas of fierceness and terribleness were more distinct, however; for the green alligator which he had portrayed was snorting volumes of fire and smoke from its vermilion nostrils. Greek churches are filled with thousands of similar Byzantine masterpieces, many of them of inestimable value.

Just before the door of the Hiereon, or Holy of Holies, stood a black cross temporarily erected. There were the same trefoil ends that one sees on the crosses in Greek cemeteries. To it was nailed a crude image of the Saviour, sawed out

of a flat board on which was painted a face with a long beard and the contour of the human form. This compromise between an *eikon* and a carved figure is the nearest approach to an image used in the Greek Church. It was a pitiful-looking figure, and added no dignity to the idea which it was intended to portray.

In the aisle stood a catafalque, with arched roof decorated with roses and orange-blossoms and lighted by dozens of candles. Papa-Yanne, magnificent in a robe of brocaded silk and gold embroidery, fastened at the waist with a huge silver buckle, advanced to the cross, a coverlet of silk lying across his outstretched arms. The assistant priest, arrayed in a long white robe, took down the image and handed it to Papa-Yanne, who received it in his arms, wrapped it carefully in the coverlet, and laid it reverently on the catafalque. The candles were by this time burning in a yellow haze of incense that poured out from the silver censers, while the priest and his assistant chanted interminably.

Immediately after laying the body of Christ in the tomb, Papa-Yanne seized a silver sprinkler, resembling a pepper-box, but fortunately containing Florida water, and passed playfully

among the congregation, flirting hither and thither little jets of the perfume, and greeting his parishioners with the witty badinage which is one element of his popularity. *In Argolis*

Then ensued a scramble to kiss the cloth enfolding the body of Christ. The Kyria noticed maliciously that the first to kiss very reverently the winding-sheet, crossing himself devoutly at the same time, was the butcher, whom I can see even now in my mind's eye, as he stands in the door of his little shop and holds up the fleece of a lamb, swearing by his father's soul that he sells no goat-meat in his place.

While the collection, inevitable in all churches and all creeds, was being taken up, the boy-choir separated into two divisions, which sang antiphonally in a screechy nasal contest. There is no such direful murder of sound in the world as the so-called Byzantine music. The fact that the people endure it, that they do not thrust their fingers in their ears and rush pell-mell from the sacred edifice, would seem to prove in itself that the Greeks are not a musical people. It must be admitted to their credit, however, that all educated Greeks speak of their church music as soul-harrowing, and that the newspapers inces-

santly ridicule it. Imagine a number of boys humming through combs over which paper has been stretched, and you have an idea of Greek church music.

From the Kyria's viewpoint, she could see the priests in the Holy of Holies as they counted the large copper coins which were poured out on a table before them by the usher. A careful note was made of the sum by both priests, after which Papa-Yanne locked it in a drawer and put the key in his pocket.

Then came the Epitapheion, or funeral procession, with the body of Christ. From all parts of the church, silken banners and sacred symbols (colored lanterns at the ends of long poles) moved toward the door, and, nodding at the threshold, passed out into the night. The congregation followed, with their tapers still burning. Soon a long serpent of flaming lights was winding down the crooked streets to the quay, where it joined itself to another and longer serpent,—the congregation of the Metropolitan that had debouched but a moment before from a parallel street. As there are seventeen churches in little Poros, a stream of burning candles soon fringed the little town with yellow light. To

the solemn strains of a funeral march, the long procession wound through the principal streets. Then each of the pitiful images was carried back to its own church, where it was consigned to another year's oblivion. *In Argolis*

Across the strait, in the suburb of Galata, there are two churches; and there another glittering serpent uncoiled upon the quay, and then crawled slowly over the summit of a distant hill and disappeared.

XXVI

SATURDAY night we went to the Anastasis, or ceremony commemorative of the resurrection of Christ. Time is reckoned in Greece by reference to some church festival. For instance, they say, "three weeks from next Resurrection," "last Annunciation," or a month from "next Transfiguration." These are great *fêtes*, of course, but nearly every day in the year has the name of some saint tagged to it by which the day itself is known.

As we went down the long lane leading to the ferry, and up the narrow street on the other side to the church, we heard in every house the sil-

In Argolis

very child-like bleat of imprisoned lambs. The long fast ends at midnight, when the priest at the conclusion of the services raises his hand in benediction and proclaims "Christ is risen!" At that moment two millions and a half of Greeks slip their hands into their pockets and break a hard-boiled egg, after which they light candles and hurry away to their homes. Great care is taken lest the candle be extinguished *en route;* for this is considered a bad omen, forecasting the death of some member of the family during the year. If it is still burning after home is reached, the hanging lamp in front of the family *eikon* is lighted from its flame. This latter must burn forty days without being relighted, to ensure good luck for the year. Before retiring, a soup is partaken of, which is made from the head, entrails, lungs, and feet of a lamb. It is supposed to be very light, and to prepare the stomach for the tremendous gorging of the following day. The majority of the country people of Greece eat meat but once a year. With the shepherds, St. George's day takes the place of Easter; for then they pull up stakes and move their flocks higher into the mountains for the summer.

Such a roasting of lambs as we had in Poros

on Sunday! In all the gardens, before the *cafés*, in the yards of private houses, festive groups were gathered. The air was surfeited with the smell of roasting meat, and every Greek we encountered greeted us with Χριστὸς ἀνέστη (Christ is risen); to which the reply is Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη (Truly, he hath risen). *In Argolis*

We roasted our lamb under the shade of a full-blown lemon tree, and, to show the proper Christian spirit, we invited the servants, together with the gardener and his father, to partake with us.

The old man, attired in holiday costume,—clean fustanellas and a new red fez,—turned the spit. We were fortunate in securing his services, as he is famed for miles on account of his skill. From ten in the morning until one, he sat upon a low stool, slowly turning the fragrant carcass. No amount of hungry importunities could induce him to lift it from the fire one instant before his judgment pronounced it perfect. Hour after hour he sat there, anointing the meat with a lemon dipped in lard, pulling a bone now and then to see if the flesh were yet tender.

One concession only he made. The Dada having declared that she could not possibly live

In Argolis

until the feast was ready, he picked out one of the eyes and handed it to her on the end of a fork, which dainty morsel she swallowed with the greatest satisfaction. After the lamb had been eaten, the old man carefully scraped and cleaned the right shoulder-blade, asking with much solemnity if the animal had passed the night in the house.

"What a shame!" he exclaimed, on being answered in the negative; "because I know how to read the bone; but if the lamb didn't pass a night in the house, what would be the use? How could it have learned the secrets of the family?"

We besought him to read it anyway; and with much evident compunction, as of one who feels that he is making light of a serious and sacred matter, he complied. Holding the triangular scapula between his eyes and the sun, he gazed at it long and earnestly. The result was highly satisfactory. A long piece of gristle at the end promised money during the next twelve months; and a clear, oblong, transparent place, without spot or blemish, argued tranquillity, freedom from sickness or death, and general prosperity. Another reason for locking the lambs in the house overnight is because their cry is considered musical

by the Greeks. Our servants besought us to bring our own victim home alive. "Its voice sounds so sweet!" they said. *In Argolis*

The Kyria and I could not see any beauty in the voice of an animal that was to be slaughtered at daybreak. If charm exist, it must be the sad music of Antigone's lament.

The reading of lamb-bones is much practised among the shepherds. In every community one hears of some old man who is specially gifted in the science. Many educated Greeks believe there is "something in it," and the standard Greek historians affirm that the shepherd soothsayers made many truthful predictions during the War of Independence.

Have we here a survival of ancient augury? Every schoolboy remembers how at Platæa the Spartans refused to attack until the omens were favorable.

XXVII

WE hanged Judas Iscariot to-day. Having expressed our joy over the resurrection of Christ by gorging ourselves with roast lamb and bitter wine, by firing guns, rockets, and torpe-

In Argolis

does, and by lighting bonfires, we gave vent to our remaining enthusiasm in one grand burst of mock vengeance directed against the unfortunate mortal who was destined from the foundation of the world to figure as a cat's-paw in the plan of salvation. The burning took place in front of a little church of the Virgin, situated in the highest part of the city.

From a pole erected before the door hung a crude, wretched, melancholy figure, stuffed with straw, and ridiculously suggesting the image of a man.

A throng armed with pistols and muskets filled the little square, and groups of laughing women crowded all the windows and balconies around.

Within the church, the priest was conducting the regular Sunday service. Every moment bored worshippers came out, or some impatient outsider went in to see how much longer the service would last.

At last the doors were thrown wide open, and the whole congregation gushed forth like water from a broken dam, and immediately thereafter every man and boy in the square was shooting away at the effigy. Poor Judas whirled about and

danced in the air as the bullets peppered him, and suddenly he burst into flames,—a proper thing for the betrayer of Christ to do, especially if his carcass has been stuffed with powder and Roman candles. *In Argolis*

At the ignition of the scarecrow, the enthusiasm of the crowd reached an indescribable pitch. They swung their guns and pistols, loaded and cocked, about in each other's face in the most reckless fashion, and kept up a continual volley at the blazing figure and into the air.

I believe that the burning of Judas Iscariot is not an official service of the Greek Church, but it is a *fête* very dear to the hearts of the people,—principally, I presume, because it gives them an opportunity to shoot off guns.

When a Greek feels particularly happy, or wishes to express his enthusiasm, he produces an old musket or pistol and discharges it.

Resurrection day in Greece resembles the Fourth of July in the United States. Woundings and deaths are frequent; the only wonder is that they are not more so. There are enough volleys fired every year at the scarecrow memory of Judas Iscariot to kill all the Turks in Constantinople.

In Argolis

XXVIII

TO-DAY is the twenty-third of April, Greek style, — a very important date for the shepherd people. They all pulled up stakes this morning, and tied their skins, their big copper kettles, their chickens, and their extra clothing upon the backs of donkeys. The men drove the goats and sheep out of the round brush corrals, with much shouting and barking of Molossian dogs; the women slung their babies across their backs in leathern hammocks, and took the census of their tow-headed, dirty, sturdy, innumerable youngsters. Then they all struck out for higher regions, leaving behind them the desolate skeletons of their skin-covered huts, and the embers of their great yearly lamb-roast.

For on St. George's day, warm or cold, rain or shine, the shepherds move to their summer pastures; and they all eat lamb before they go. How important a day this is, and how eagerly it is looked forward to by the innumerable youngsters, can be surmised from the fact that it is the only occasion on which the Greek shepherd tastes meat. This is not due to his poverty, but to extreme parsimony; for the pastoral class of this country are well-to-do. Why does not the

RESTING

vegetarian proselyte cite the Greek shepherds as splendid examples of the efficacy of his regimen? There exists nowhere a sturdier hill-folk; erect, stout-legged, deep-chested, tough, they live the year round on coarse black bread and what cheese and curds they cannot dispose of for money. If they could sell their bread, it is probable they would subsist on roots. They can endure fatigue and exposure, too, that would kill ordinary mortals. The winner of the Marathon race was a shepherd. *In Argolis*

Greek shepherds are picturesque and filthy, — two qualities, by the way, that often go together. They wear tight homespun leggings, and colored kerchiefs instead of hats, and they carry long crooks; but they only bathe twice in a lifetime, — once when they are baptized, and once on the day before they are married. As baptism in the Orthodox Church means complete immersion, a shepherd lad ten years of age is not so dirty as one of fifteen, for example.

The shepherd's chief factor of picturesqueness is the capote, or heavy woollen cloak. The owner of half a dozen goats and a moth-eaten donkey throws his cloak across his shoulder with all the free-born grace and dignity of a brigand

In Argolis

chief. The garment has its effect, too, on the man's mind; for though he be old and rheumatic the moment before putting it on, he no sooner feels its weight than he straightens up and strides about the village wine-shop with as much dignity as though he had just stepped from a comic opera.

When I say these people only bathe twice in a lifetime, I would wrong them did I not add that they occasionally wash their faces. This they do by filling the mouth with water, which they blow out into the hands and then dash upon the face,—a method which I have often seen employed in Greece by people who were not shepherds.

Why they move on St. George's day, whether the season be favorable or not, I do not know. It is another example of the great influence which saints have upon the Greek mind in general. Perhaps the shepherds show St. George special reverence because that worthy slew a dragon, a fierce and terrible animal capable of rendering life on the mountains uncomfortable. Moreover, who knows but that the dragon might have developed an appetite for sheep?

These saints, by the way, do not always pre-

serve after death the mild and martyrsome dispositions that characterized them during life. *In Argolis*

The newspapers were full the other day of the appearance of St. Andreas at Nauplia. The apparition was robed in black, was of enormous stature, and was terrible to behold. Three soldiers who beheld it were so frightened that they died (*fact*). I did not notice that any of the papers denied the report that some sort of supernatural visitor had been seen. Like other matters of this kind in Greece, the occurrence was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. One sheet, while admitting the fact, ventured to doubt the propriety of supposing that the spirit was a saint. A spirit that was frightful in appearance, and scared good Christians to death, must certainly have been malignant.

From reading all the pros and cons, I was not quite clear myself on what features the recognition was grounded. I was at last led to agree with one journal, which seriously maintained that if resemblance to the benign and patriarchal Andreas actually existed, some evil spirit must have been masquerading in his beard and halo!

But the case of the late Most Holy Germanos, Metropolitan of Athens, leaves room for no such

In Argolis

charitable conclusion. The good man was found in his library, sitting at his table, stone-dead. The circumstance caused considerable excitement throughout Greece, as he was struck down in the midst of seeming health and strength. There he sat, looking straight before him with a cold and sightless stare, his blue-veined hands hanging limply at his sides, the venerable beard flowing down his breast and upon the table. Heart disease, the doctors said; but the people knew better. Immediately, mysteriously, the rumor was in everybody's mouth that blue marks of violence had been found under that beard, and that the Most Holy Germanos had been strangled by St. Philip.

The Metropolitan had punished a priest a short time before, for some infringement of discipline, by closing his church during a fixed period. This church was under the patronage of St. Philip; hence the vengeance. Let all succeeding Metropolitans take warning. To the mind of a disbeliever, this affair presents one remarkable feature. The angry priest might have started the story about the strangling,—but how did he get it into the heads of all the unlearned and unreading faithful simultaneously?

More just, although more terrible, was the vengeance wreaked by the prophet Elias on the Russians during the Greco-Turkish War. The combined powers of Christian Europe—the "Great Powers" so called—had sent an immense armada of powerful battle-ships to little Crete. They were there to coöperate with Islam, and to uphold the arm of the "Unspeakable Turk" against a handful of brave Christians. The latter set their flag upon a Christian church, and the invincible fleet opened fire upon the tiny edifice with their tremendous engines of war. The flag was knocked down, and the plucky insurgents set it up again. But that's all history.

We are not discussing the "greatness" of the powers involved. History will do that. Profane history will not, however, mention the prophet Elias in connection with this incident, although the Greeks believe that a very terrible miracle was worked soon after the bombardment.

The little church was under the special patronage of this saint, and bore his name. Russian Christians turned their guns upon it. So did other Christians; but they do not count. They were not Orthodox.

Shortly after the outrage, as the Greeks and

some others called it, a big gun on the Russian ship exploded, causing great damage and killing fifteen men. In a few days all Greece was billed with a crude woodcut representing the prophet Elias galloping through the clouds in a chariot, with a sheaf of thunderbolts in his right hand. Below him was the ill-fated Russian ship, piled with the dead and dying. This picture bore the legend, "The Miracle of the Prophet Elias." An explanatory note described the bombardment of the church, and explained that numerous witnesses had seen the venerable saint, as represented above, in the very act of hurling a celestial grenade at the sinning ship.

"The Lives of the Saints" has a steady sale in Greece. Those who can read pore over it with the greatest interest, and afterwards retail at second-hand the anecdotes and incidents to those who cannot. As a large proportion of the Greek people cannot read, it results that various embellishments are added to these tales as they travel from mouth to mouth, until at last a collection of legends resembling fairy stories has come into existence, with the saints for heroes. Children stand by open-mouthed while their elders rehearse the adventures of St. Anthony in the wil-

derness, or tell how St. Irene talked for days after her head had been cut off. *In Argolis*

Strangely enough, we find the idea quite prevalent among the lower classes that filth and sanctity go hand in hand. Only the other day, Maria—who is a religious fanatic, by the way—told us of a certain young man who returned to his own home after a long absence, dressed in rags, and in such wretched state that his own mother did not know him. He had become a saint!

He begged for water and bread, and then passed the night in a pig-pen in one corner of the garden. And there he lived for many, many years, the kind woman bringing him bread and water each day. As time went by he grew filthier and filthier, raggeder and raggeder, and holier and holier (the cook dilated on these features with much unction). At last he felt his end drawing near, and he sent for the woman of the house. So she came and stood in the door of the pig-pen, and lo! there was a great, blinding light within, and there in the midst stood her son, glorified; and she recognized him, and he said: "Mother, do you know me now?" and then he vanished.

Perhaps this is the story of some famous saint, and I have got it all wrong. If so, so much the better. I only tell the story to show the form it had attained when it reached me.

It is interesting to me, however, because I believe that this young man won his halo in the Greek mind chiefly through his super-bestial filthiness. There is something reminiscent of the old hermit days in such an idea. Those old fellows who used to go out and wall themselves up in caves, staying there all their lives, must have grown terribly weary of themselves.

None of the trades will work on the day of its patron saint: for this reason there is a religious strike among one or another of them nearly every day in the year.

A very pretty story is told of St. Philip. His soul was greatly distressed on account of the sufferings of the poor; but he had nothing to give them save one cow, his only wealth in the world, the sole barrier between himself and hunger.

At last, after many prayers and much hesitation, he was seized with deep remorse. "What right have I to a cow," he exclaimed, "while my brother is starving?"

So he slaughtered the animal, and distributed

it among the poor. Then he went to bed, his soul divided between grief and joy: regret for the cow, which he had loved much, and deep satisfaction because he had done the will of Him who said, "Sell all thou hast and give unto the poor."

In the morning, when he awoke, he heard a familiar "Moo!" outside his humble door. He sprang to his feet and looked out, and there, behold! stood his own beloved cow, waiting to be fed!

Thus St. Philip learned that the mercy of God is infinite, and that he is always to be trusted.

A Greek may have faith in the potency of some particular saint, but he will never allow himself to draw any comparisons, for fear of calling down upon his head the malicious envy of the others.

A Greek was extolling the merits of St. Andreas to several of his friends.

"Yes, indeed, St. Andreas is very powerful and beneficent," replied one of them; "an excellent saint indeed, but did you ever try St. Spiridon of Corfu? Ah, there 's a saint! Though I am saying nothing against Andreas. May he also be my helper."

"St. Spiridon of Corfu is indeed a powerful ally," assented a third, "and so is St. Andreas—both excellent saints, very excellent indeed. But St. Epiphanius of Cyprus—whew!" The last exclamation ending in a prolonged whistle, accompanied by a corkscrew motion of the right hand, the eyes and forefinger directed heavenward.

XXIX

DR. ZACHARIADES of Poros, just across the strait from our orchard, was asked to go to Xerochori (Drytown) yesterday, to hold an inquest. A man had been knifed to death there about a week ago, in a brawl, and had been hurriedly buried. It was necessary to exhume him and make a legal examination. The knife, by the way, is the Greek's favorite weapon, and he is sure to have one concealed somewhere about his person. Don't come to fisticuffs with a Greek.

Well, we set out together; and after about three hours of donkey riding, we came to a wretched little town on the top of a mountain. It is rightly named, for the only water in the place is brought a distance of three miles, in

little barrels, slung two and two on donkeys. In any direction you look below you, you can see old Ocean, glimmering away in the illimitable distance, with islands swimming in it like flocks of swans. It is cool, clean, refreshing down there; but up here on top of the mountain is perpetual dirt, squalor, and thirst.

The whole population — desperate-looking men in dirty fustanellas; barefooted, slatternly women; unwashed, uncombed, tangle-headed children — escorted us to the grave, — a mound of red, fresh earth marked by a black cross.

The poor mangled lump of clay was dug up out of the other clay, was hastily examined, and was again lowered into the grave. Two citizens of Drytown seized their shovels with a will, but ere they had commenced their grewsome task, a boy of ten, dressed in the blue voluminous breeches of the country, leaped in front of them, his hands spread in a trembling, imploring gesture. "It is the dead man's son," explained the doctor.

This relationship conveyed a certain authority, for the men acquiesced to the boy's hurried Albanian plea, and stepped back.

He ran off to the wine-shop of which his fa-

ther had been proprietor, and presently returned with a bottle of resinato.

Standing by the edge of the grave, he reverently sprinkled a few drops upon his father's corpse, and then handed the bottle to the nearest bystander, who took a swallow of the contents. When it came my turn, I followed the example of the others, and drank, saying earnestly: "God forgive his sins!"

I did not understand the significance of the wine ceremony, nor have I since learned it; yet the prayer seemed to me to breathe the proper Christian spirit, and I had no hesitation in joining in it.

This same ceremony is a very common one at funerals in Greece, a boy usually accompanying the procession to the grave, with a bottle of wine. The ceremony had been properly performed at the original burial of the wounded man, but the son evidently thought the exhuming might have a nullifying effect. Therefore he repeated it, to be on the safe side.

No one present knew what the sprinkling of the wine meant, and could offer no explanation save that it was a "good thing to do." But this poor, wretched, ignorant orphan, without a

glimmer of theology or learning or reason in his benighted brain, was still able to give us all an affecting lesson in filial love and duty. So the most fragrant and beautiful flowers of human nature sometimes spring amid superstition and poverty.

A Greek funeral carries the idea of grief and solemnity to such limits that it becomes terrible in its impressiveness. The slow music, the priests in their stately garb, the banners and symbols of the Church, the uplifted coffin-lid, the exposed corpse, with hands crossed and white face turned to the sky, all these make a picture never to be forgotten.

In some communities hired mourners are still employed, who accompany the corpse, shrieking and tearing their hair. This adds a certain theatrical effect, but in Greece, as everywhere else, true grief is too deep for words.

The real mourners, — the mother, following her strong, beautiful son to the grave, the bride, gazing for the last time upon the face of her young husband, — what cry is adequate to their sorrow?

This carrying of the corpses through the street is very terrible to one not used to the sight. I

think I have been most harrowed by the little dead babies going to the graveyard in this way; they are so small upon the big stretcher, and in the midst of all this pomp; the white wreath about the brow, and the flowers heaped upon the tiny form, are such a mockery!

People live to great ages in these quiet gardens by the Mediterranean Sea, but they all die at last. The other day, an old fellow of ninety odd passed away, and we all followed him to his last resting-place. He had been born here in Poros, and had passed his whole life in the village, seeing the same sights and doing the same things every day for nearly a century.

He had a bosom friend, who had played with him as a boy on the wharf here. These two had each attended the other's wedding. Their children had intermarried, their wives had died, their sons had moved to distant parts of the world, and still they lingered on.

Of the neighbors and friends of their early youth, not one was left; but they had continued to smoke their *narghiles* together every morning under the great spreading tree by the village fountain. Wrapped up in their ancient comradeship, secure in the constancy of the old scenes and

FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH
A VILLAGE STREET

places, they scarcely noticed that faces changed about them from year to year. As for distant wars, the fall of thrones, the march of history, they knew no more of these things than if they had been living upon a distant star. Their existence was in the past, in the land of memory, out of which they were two ancient travellers. *In Argolis*

When they carried one of these old friends to the grave, the other did not walk behind the coffin, but, nearly doubled with age, he shuffled along at the side of the corpse, looking steadily into the sightless eyes. He seemed in a sort of dream, totally unconscious of those about him. Nervously wringing his bony hands, he mumbled again and again the name of his boyhood friend, the companion of his ninety years,—"Meetso! Meetso!"

The one who is left comes down now every morning to his table by the village fountain. They bring him his *narghile*, and while he pulls dreamily away at it, he talks and talks, and those sitting by hear every now and then, "Eh, Meetso?" or "Don't you remember, brother Meetso?"

One usually gets very little satisfaction from asking Greeks the reason for their curious ob-

places, they scarcely noticed that faces changed about them from year to year. As for distant wars, the fall of thrones, the march of history, they knew no more of these things than if they had been living upon a distant star. Their existence was in the past, in the land of memory, out of which they were two ancient travellers. *In Argolis*

When they carried one of these old friends to the grave, the other did not walk behind the coffin, but, nearly doubled with age, he shuffled along at the side of the corpse, looking steadily into the sightless eyes. He seemed in a sort of dream, totally unconscious of those about him. Nervously wringing his bony hands, he mumbled again and again the name of his boyhood friend, the companion of his ninety years,—"Meetso! Meetso!"

The one who is left comes down now every morning to his table by the village fountain. They bring him his *narghile*, and while he pulls dreamily away at it, he talks and talks, and those sitting by hear every now and then, "Eh, Meetso?" or "Don't you remember, brother Meetso?"

One usually gets very little satisfaction from asking Greeks the reason for their curious ob-

In Argolis

servances. The Kyria and I have often seen a water-jug broken on the steps of a house from which a corpse has that moment been carried, and we have as often asked why it was done. But we have never succeeded in soliciting any answer other than εἶναι καλό (it's a good thing to do), with a shrug of the shoulders.

In addition to the breaking of the water-jug, the house is immediately swept after the removal of the corpse, and all the neighbors of the afflicted family also sweep their houses.

As the procession passes by, doors of residences and shops are hurriedly slammed shut. For this act a reason is given: "So that Charos may not enter."

Is that our old friend the Ferryman?

Charos is indeed Charon,—Zeus is dead, Aphrodite is no more, Apollo has passed away, and his golden harp is forever silent; but death never dies.

If one were to judge by the language used by the common people of Greece, he would come to the conclusion that Charos is a very personal conception with them. They hardly ever use the word death. When a man is dying, he is "wrestling with Charos"; in the folk-songs,

TAKING A SMOKE BY THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN

"God sends Charos to take the souls." The attributes of this terrible being are the same as they have been in all ages of the world. Says one song: *In Argolis*

Charos has no judgment,
Neither can he be trusted;
He takes the child at the breast,
He does not spare the old.

And in another,—

He takes the mother from the children, the children from the father,
He tears asunder loving sisters,
He separates man and wife.

Nor do the rich and fortunate escape him. Maria, while she is wrestling with the pots or scaling fish, derives great comfort from singing, in a mournful, monotonous tune, a song relating the sad end that befell the beautiful Evangoula. This lady, young, a bride, mistress of a lovely house, surrounded by strong brothers and a doting husband, spoke slightingly of Charos, who immediately laid her upon her death-bed:

Evangoula, young and fair, to fortune was a debtor,
Until one evil day she cried that Charos could not get her.

In Argolis

"Brothers nine have I for guards, my man's another warden,
Well-built and large our dwelling is, with courtyard and with garden."

Some evil bird to Charos flies and tells him what she said;
He casts a dart that yellows soon her cheeks of white and red:
He shoots a second, then a third—she falls upon her bed!

This is stronger comfort for the poor even than Horace's statement of exact impartiality: *Pallida Mors æquo cum pede*, etc. In the case of Evangoula, death seems to have preferred one to whom life was a dream of love, delight, and ease. We have the same idea in our proverb, "Death loves a shining mark."

Here are the memorial services that are held for the repose of a soul. I give the Paramana's own words:

"On the third day you carry raw wheat and a candle to the priest. He takes them and reads some prayers.

"On the ninth day bake some bread, cut it up into small pieces, and put it into baskets. Then fry some fishes, and take it all to church during service time. Give each person there a piece of bread and a fish, and ask them all to pray for

the dead man's soul. Those who are wealthy also pass around cheese. *In Argolis*

"On the fortieth day invite your friends to a memorial service at the church. Take wheat and boil it. Put in pomegranate seeds, almonds, sugar, oil, and spices. This mixture is the 'kollyba.' Carry it to the church, together with five candles. The priest lights the candles and reads. Then all go to the grave. The priest lays the kollyba on the grave and reads some more, after which it is divided among the friends who eat it and pray for the rest of the soul."

This is the impression which the memorial services of the Greek Church made upon the mind of an ignorant but devout woman. Will the learned tell us how pomegranate seeds got into the recipe for kollyba?

For the first three days after death, fresh water is put night and morning into the room where the person died.

It is believed that the soul changes into a butterfly, and remains about the scenes of its former existence for forty days. During this time it is often in the houses, where it eats, sleeps, and does in general the accustomed things of its daily life. The word for butterfly in vulgar Greek is the very

beautiful πεταλοῦδα (Petalouda). The ancient word for butterfly also means *soul*. This modern πσυχή is invisible during the forty days that it lingers about the house. At the end of that period it flits away to heaven, where it is judged according to the acts done in the flesh.

The Greeks suppose that the dust of a righteous man is fragrant. Hence, logically, a man whose dust is fragrant must be in heaven. It is very polite, therefore, to say to a benefactor, or to a person to whom one feels grateful: "May your dust become myrrh!" We have the same thing in the familiar English couplet:

> "*Only the actions of the just*
> *Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.*"

People who cannot afford to buy graves rent them for a period of years, generally three. At the end of the given time, the bones are taken up, carefully scraped, washed in wine, put in a bag, and laid away. A priest is usually present at this ceremony, who often takes the responsibility of divining from the condition of the bones the soul's place of abode. If they are fragrant and perfectly white, the deceased has become a saint. If considerable flesh still clings to the bones, the soul is in purgatory.

Coffins are constructed with especial reference to sending as many souls to heaven as possible. Instead of solid bottoms, they have a few thin slats, and the sides are only about three inches high. When the cover is laid loosely on top of the body, the earth is admitted into direct contact with the latter, and decomposition is thus facilitated. *In Argolis*

The body of a vampire does not decay.

XXX

MARGARITA was in just the other day, big-eyed and voluble, with the story of a supposed vampire at Damala. It seems that a wealthy resident of that town committed suicide about a year ago. This act, uncanny in itself, gave rise to much talk. A suicide, moreover, is not buried in holy ground and does not go to heaven. As often as the simple visitors saw the lonely tomb that had been erected by the dead man's money, they shuddered and crossed themselves. "Where is he now?" was a very natural inquiry.

Finally, nobody knows how, the rumor was under full headway, and the belief firmly established, that the late neighbor and citizen had become a vampire.

In Argolis

It became absolutely necessary to the community's peace of mind that the body should be dug up. This was done, and, lo and behold! they had all been wronging the poor man. The process of decomposition was so far advanced, considering the length of time, that he seemed well on the way toward probable sainthood.

The telling of this incident led to a conversation about vampires in general, during the course of which Margarita favored us with two other stories.

The second one has a familiar sound, as if I had read it in some collection of tales. Coming from the lips of an ignorant girl, it is interesting as proving conclusively that the Greek people actually believe in vampires.

"In my great-grandfather's village in Naxos," said Margarita, "the same great-grandfather who was a priest and who found the Nereid by the roadside, — do you remember? — there was a woman married to a shoemaker named Loukas. He was a kind husband, and she was a good and faithful wife. So they lived happily together for several years. But one day one of the neighbors asked the woman, 'Do you know that Loukas is out till all hours of the morning every Friday night?'

"And she replied, 'I do.'

"'Well,' said the neighbor, 'where do you suppose he is?'

"Now Mrs. Loukas had been strictly reared, according to good old Eastern notions; and she replied:

"'I do not consider it my business to inquire. My husband does as seems best to him.'

"But, womanlike, she fell to thinking about the matter, and wondering. And the more she wondered, the more she worried.

"So at last she spoke to some of her relations, and they followed the man and watched him; and where do you suppose he went every Friday night, and what do you think he did? Why, he went to the graveyard and sat on a tombstone, and there he made children's shoes all night. It seems he was married to a vampire wife, by whom he had several children. For them he was making the shoes.

"Well! The relatives took a priest and they went to the woman's grave, and the Papas read the prayers for the laying of vampires, and they could plainly hear the bones rattle together on the bottom of the coffin. They said nothing to Loukas about it, and pretended that they knew

nothing of his vampire wife. But the strangest thing of all is, that from that moment he began to pine away, and after a month or so he died."

"What do you suppose was the reason of that? Was it for love of the vampire woman?" asked the Kyria.

But Margarita shrugged her shoulders. "Ποιός 'ξέρει;" (Who knows?) she said.

Margarita's second story was also located in Naxos.

"A shepherd boy, going home late one night, lay down to rest upon the ground, and fell asleep. He was awakened by terrible groans and cries of 'Let me out! Let me out!' The voice seemed to come from beneath him, and had such a strange unearthly sound that his hair rose on end from terror. He lay perfectly still, not moving so much as an eyelid. Presently he heard again that cry, 'Let me out! Let me out!'

"'Who are you?' asked Yanne, for that was the shepherd's name.

"'Take the cross off my grave. I must come out!'

"It seems that Yanne, in the darkness of the night, had wandered into a graveyard and lain down. He immediately perceived that he was

lying on his back, with his arms thrown out so that they made a cross with his body. That a vampire was calling to him, he had n't the least doubt in the world. As long as he kept his present position, he very well knew, the vampire must stay where he was. He also realized that it was impossible for him to lie there forever. There was time for parley, but ultimately he must yield.

"'If I let you out, will you swear solemnly that you will not harm me in any way?' finally asked Yanne.

"The vampire swore upon his winding-sheet, and the shepherd rose from the grave.

"He had no sooner done so than a voice behind him said, 'Take hold of one end of this rod and come with me.' Yanne whirled around, and there stood the vampire. It was so dark that he could see nothing except a tall shape, dressed in some kind of a loose robe, like a winding-sheet. Yanne was so frightened that he did not know what he was doing, so he reached out and grabbed hold of a small rod held toward him by the other, and in a minute he was lifted off his feet, above the tombstones and the tall cypresses, and was sailing through the air, that other one by his side.

In Argolis

"So they sailed and sailed till they came to a castle on the top of a high rock. Round and round this they whirled, till they came to an open window, and in they went. There they found a beautiful young girl sleeping on a bed. The vampire tiptoed toward the bed with hands stretched out. The shroud fell away from his arms, and his long bony fingers opened and shut like claws.

"Παναγεία σῶσέ με!" (Holy Virgin, save me!) screamed the nurse, who was listening in the next room.

"He seized the poor young girl by the throat and strangled her," continued Margarita. "And then, drawing a long knife from his shroud, he cut her open and began eating the warm heart. From time to time he offered pieces to Yanne, saying:

"'Eat, Yanne, it's delicious! sweet as *loukoumi*.'

"Now Yanne was afraid of offending the vampire, so he pretended to eat, but in reality he dropped the pieces inside his jacket. While they were doing this, a rooster crowed outside.

"'What time is it?' asked the vampire, starting for the window.

"'Five o'clock,' answered Yanne, looking at

his watch. It was in reality only two, but the rooster had been dreaming of something, and made a mistake.

"'Well, I must be going back to my grave,' said the vampire. 'Good morning.'

"Now Yanne understood in a minute that the vampire intended leaving him there, so that the people would accuse him of murdering the young woman. So he sprang forward and caught one end of the rod, just as the vampire was going out of the window, and away they sailed together, back to the grave.

"You may believe that Yanne, just as soon as he found himself alone, ran for a priest and brought him to the grave, and had the service for the laying of vampires read. Who knows how many people that vampire may have killed and eaten?"

Who knows indeed?

"It's curious," suggested the Kyria, "that the vampire, before leaving Yanne, did not make him swear that he would say nothing about the matter."

"So he did," said Margarita; "but he didn't think an oath to a vampire was binding. At any rate, the priest absolved him for breaking it."

In Argolis

XXXI

KYRIOS DOUZINAS bought a fish this morning that was a *chef-d'œuvre*. The old gentleman is living comfortably on a pension of five hundred drachmas a month, and he can afford to indulge in an occasional luxury. He marched triumphantly into the *platea* (square) about eight o'clock, followed by a small boy carrying the prize — a large red fish known as *lithrini*, and resembling an overgrown gold-fish.

Kyr' Douzinas ordered the boy to hang his purchase on the spout of the village fountain. Then he sat down at a wooden table under a cool-leaved plantain tree, removed his broad hat, and wiped his brow. That done, he called loudly, "One coffee, from the unmixed, sweet and heavy!"

You can shout for coffee anywhere you happen to be in Greece, — on the top of a mountain or in the midst of a wilderness, — and a boy will shortly appear, bringing you a cup of the muddy but delicious variety known as "Turkish."

The cobbler, pegging away on the sidewalk under the awning of a distant grocery store, rose slowly from his stool, brushed the scraps from his leather apron, and came over to the fish.

Locking his hands behind his back, he gazed at it critically.

"What did you pay for it?" he asked at length.

"One drachma sixty — it's one *oke* heavy."

An officer, passing by along the quay, spied the fish, and came and sat down at Kyr' Douzinas' table.

"Is it fresh?" he asked.

"Living," replied the owner.

"How will you have it cooked?"

"*Plaqué.*"

"Bah! That's not the way to cook *lithrini.* They don't do that way. Soup — you must make it into soup."

Kyr' Douzinas looked at his would-be Mentor severely. "Will you tell me how to cook a *lithrini?*" he asked, "me, who have eaten them before you were born?"

At this point the postmaster, a fat and important personage, as befits a high public official, came hurrying up, out of breath. He had heard the news at the fish-market.

"How much does it weigh?" he puffed.

"One *oke* heavy."

"'Tisn't an *oke.*"

"I weighed it myself."

"Then the fish-scales are false. — Spiro," to the little boy, "run and bring the grocer's scales here."

The grocer himself brought them, followed by his neighbor the wine-merchant. The postmaster weighed the fish. Then he pried open the gills with his finger and sniffed critically.

"Freshish," he declared, with hesitation.

"Living," affirmed Kyr' Douzinas, sipping his coffee with emphasis.

"Not too fresh — freshish," persisted the postmaster.

Papa-Yanne now appeared, walking majestically and jingling a string of huge black beads behind his back.

"Bravo!" he cried; "Bravo, Petro! I had an idea of buying *lithrini* myself this morning, but you got ahead of me. Well, I bought a fine string of *barbounia* [mullets], so I am well satisfied. I shall have them made *myrodato* [fried], with a brown sour sauce, with bay leaves and rosemary. Put them in an earthen crock and eat them cold. *Lithrini* is best that way."

"I shall have it *plaqué*" (roasted in oil, with parsley, onions, and garlic).

"Take Papa-Yanne's advice and have it *my-*

rodato," said the butcher, coming up at this moment, a long knife in his hand. "Do you know how good it is that way? Only last St. Januarios' day I went to the monastery with Spiro Condopoulos. He brought along a beautiful *lithrini myrodato*. I was a little under the weather, but so good it was that I ate it without wishing to eat—ate without wishing to eat!" *In Argolis*

The butcher seemed to think this a very remarkable circumstance, and he repeated it several times with great solemnity. Kyr' Douzinas, however, was not to be moved. After describing at great length how he felt a desire for *lithrini* the night before and had risen very early in the morning, how he walked leisurely down the wharf and hailed the first fishing-boat that he saw, and how it had contained this *lithrini*,—the only one brought in during the morning, which he considered a mark of favor on the part of his patron saint, Peter,—he called the boy.

"Here, boy, take this fish to my house and tell the Kyria that I want it *plaqué*. She must have plenty of oil in the sauce, and plenty of garlic—twice as much as she put in the last one."

The boy started off, the tail of the fish dragging on the ground.

"Hey, boy! tell her not to forget the parsley."

The gathered citizens watched the fish disappear in the distance, and then the crowd slowly melted away.

This picture is not drawn because the *lithrini* is a very rare fish. It is drawn because the incidents actually happened, and is typical of life in a Greek village, where the buying and cooking of a three-pound fish is as important an event as the sale of a million bushels of wheat would be in New York.

XXXII

PERHAPS I ought to add that fish in general are an undying subject of interest to the Greek people.

In the coast towns, like Poros, the fish are brought in twice a day, morning and evening, in boats. One soon acquires the faculty of identifying these craft even at a great distance. They are narrow and pointed at both ends, and are of two kinds, large and small.

The small fish-boats are always run by two very old men, who sit bent over amid a pile of rusty-looking nets; a long spear lies in iron

brackets at one side of the boat, and its three prongs project at the forward end like those of Neptune's trident. Sometimes these old men stand up and row, and then they face toward the prow. This is the only test as to whether they are standing up or sitting down, they are so bent with long years at the oars. *In Argolis*

The big boats are run by a crew of six or eight sturdy fellows, bullied down and despotized by a jaunty young Capitanyo.

These boats are high at the ends, with a scroll-like projection at the prow, and remind one of pictures of old Norse fighting-craft. When the Capitanyo sits up straight on a high throne-like seat in the stern, and his six rowers pull all together, rising in concert with each backward sweep of the oar-blades, and falling upon the benches like one man,—then, I say, one realizes for the first time the glory of dignity and power. These fish-boats each have a terra-cotta sail, that, when filled with wind, resembles half a balloon.

As each boat comes in, the entire male population of the town collects at the wharf and greets its occupants with a chorus of questions. The chief of police, who is usually an officer in the regular army, presents himself with two or three

In Argolis

assistants, and follows the catch to the market. Not till it is laid on the dealers' tables is it lawful to buy. This provision is to give every free-born citizen an equal chance. Should it be learned that somebody had intercepted a boat and picked over the fish, the whole town would be up in arms.

Whenever I see the people all stealing away to the fish-market, I feel that I am indeed in Greece, just as when I hear about Nereids, or see men lift their eyebrows in Homeric dissent. There is an ancient story of a flute-player, who was entertaining a large audience in the public square, when suddenly the bell rang announcing the opening of the fish-market; and all his hearers left him, save one. The flute-player finished his performance, and then, advancing to the one faithful spectator, thanked him for his attention and congratulated him upon his love of music. What was his disgust to find that the man was stone-deaf!

XXXIII

THALASSA, thalassa! Accent it on the antepenult, say it a number of times in slow repetition, and you will hear the voice of the

sea as it whispered in endless monotony beneath our balcony in Argolis. The eternal monotony of the sea,—the same word that it said under the keels of the Achaians at Troy. Odysseus heard it all night when he lay awake in the grotto of Calypso thinking of Penelope, and it whispered to him of hope; blind Polyphemus heard it, sitting on the rocks, and it came to him as a voice of despair and derision out of the infinite darkness. Some old Greek, in the dawn-time of the world, when men were yet children and had not learned many words, looked upon the face of the sea and asked it, "What is your name?" and it answered him, "Thalassa, thalassa, thalassa." Our scholars very learnedly suggest that the word is derived from ἅλς, salt. Nonsense! It is the sea's name for itself, and is as onomatopoetic as our word "sea" caught from the hiss of seething waves; or as "ocean," which booms like the surf. I love to rise before the sun and step out upon the balcony into the hush and wonder of the world. Mountains, stars, and sea; this is the place for a man to live. It is good to be here, in God's temple, a fellow of the stars. The fresh breath of the brine intoxicates me, the society of the hills uplifts me. If I am early

In Argolis

enough, I step out into a world of steel-gray hills, standing guard over a sea of ink. The stars glitter like great drops of dew in a blue-gray sky, and the little town across the strait is the color of ashes. The sun rises from behind Poros; and long before it is seen, the heavens above the town blush an ineffable pink, like a great sea-shell.

The fishermen cast their net often at the side of the porch, and I love to watch them pull it in. The Capitanyo stands in the prow of his boat with a long pole, erect, jaunty as Hermes. The men, three at each of the two lines, are bare-legged to the hips. Two of them are always leaning far to landward, throwing their entire weight on the line, while a third is walking down to the water to get a fresh hold. And as the coil of wet rope on the shore grows bigger and the net comes nearer, how the excitement increases! Even the Capitanyo, despite his dignity, betrays his emotion; and yonder old man of the sea, white polled and bearded, yet with the limbs of a youth, strains at the net till his muscles rise leanly about his neck. As Theocritus says,

"*Like to a man doing his best,*
You would say that the old man was fishing with all the strength of his limbs,

HAULING IN THE FISH-NET

For the muscles were swollen everywhere about his neck *In*
Although he was a graybeard; and his strength would *Argolis*
have done credit to youth."

Is there another business in the world that keeps the child-heart in a man as fishing does? It's the monotony that makes us grow old. The world is all very wonderful as long as it contains new sights and new sensations. Childhood, and even youth, are a progress through fairy-land. The first time we see the moon, our first peach, our first pocket-knife, our first party, the first time we fall in love,—these are keen emotions, and they keep us fresh and eager. But after we have done the same things a hundred times, and there is no longer anything new under the sun for us, after we have lost our taste for taffy and kisses, and even for skittles and beer, what a stale old joke this life becomes! The fisherman, alone of men, escapes the monotony. He has always escaped it, from the earliest angler who sat naked upon a rock and dropped his bone hook into a swarming river, down to the "graybeard" of Theocritus, "dragging his net for a great cast."

And these fishermen of mine, swaying at the lines here in the early dawn, though they cast the seine forty times a day they feel always the

In Argolis

same boyish excitement over the result. Who knows what it will be? Whitebait, leaping among the green seaweed and shining like silver in the sun; long green herring, arrows of the deep; mullets, yellow as gold, most highly prized of Mediterranean fish; noble *lithrinia;* soles, fit for the dainty table of Lucullus. All these and many more may become entangled in the fisherman's web; and then there is always the chance of some great surprise, of taking an unusual catch. Sometimes burly and joyous porpoises blunder into the mesh, or great flat turtles become entangled in it as they glide obliquely downward through the deep—Father Neptune's disci. And there are shy creatures of the sea, of such outlandish shape or grotesque feature that very shame makes them unwilling to be caught. There are octopods, whose writhing limbs and cruel beak are evil incarnate, or the creation of a god in delirium tremens; there are fish with great cold mouths and goggle eyes, and fish that have been caught beneath the whole weight of the sea and pressed flat.

Inexhaustible are the secrets of the sea; her breath is like wine, and her voice is a trumpet-call to the soul.

XXXIV

In Argolis

THE Babycoula is beginning early. She was born in December—and here it is May. She is therefore four—or is it five?—months old. The Kyria knows, but I am afraid to ask her, for ignorance as to the Family's age is an unpardonable sin. At any rate, the Babycoula has a beau, and she is encouraging him most shamefully. He is Yanne, the gardener's ten-year-old son. He is always sticking red April roses, or the yellow Bankshire ones, into her cap; and she kicks and crows with delight when she sees him coming down the path. The other day he presented her with a shepherd's pipe, whittled by himself out of a reed. She promptly put it in her mouth—whereat Yanne, the Kyria, and the Paramana all declared in chorus that she will become a great musician. I strongly suspect that she would have thrust any other object with equal alacrity into the same receptacle, had she been given the opportunity.

This morning Yanne cut her a red rose with a long stem, and she held it swaying and nodding in her chubby fist as though she were the Queen of Fairy and the flower her sceptre. We were going up to see how the washing was get-

In Argolis

ting along. The Dada (*dahdah*, accented on the last syllable) officiates as plyntria—corrupted in the modern vernacular to *plystria*. She takes the clothes up the night before and soaks them with lye. Then she goes up to the well before daylight, builds a fire under an immense copper kettle, and boils the entire *bou-gah-dha*, or wash, after which she lays the articles one by one on a flat stone and beats them with a paddle. She continues this process till she has pounded all the dirt out of them and broken all the buttons; which service being conscientiously performed, she wrings the things out in cold water and spreads them about on bushes and on the grass to dry. We sat down under a grape arbor to watch her, and Yanne brought us a heaping plate of mousmoula, the earliest fruit to appear in the Isles of Greece. Mousmoula are yellow in color, and have four immense seeds as big as chestnuts, over which the skin is tightly drawn, leaving scant room for the pleasant juice which is their *raison d'être*. You can eat a bushel of them in an absent-minded way.

It's pleasant up here at the well now, these May mornings. The weather is getting warm enough to make one realize that the gurgle of

water is a delicious sound. The canopy of vines that entirely covers the mossy curb, and the mule-path encircling it, is dense with leaves as green as young frogs, and the numerous little stalactites of grapes are a paler green, the ghost of the other shade. As the patient mule trots round and round, you hear the monotonous "click, click, click" of the wheel, and the gush and bubble of the water, cool and clear as crystal. Wherever the sun can pierce the grape-vines, it writes shadows on the trodden earth, as distinct as charcoal-sketches.

The heyday of summer is almost upon us. The pomegranate trees are in bloom, and there is nothing in all the world so red as their trumpet-shaped flowers, which are so fiercely bright that they seem like jets of fire amid the more quiet shades that surround them. Their contrast is that of a cardinal in a throng of nuns, or a glowing rent in the side of a volcano. They smite the eye as a betrayal of the fire and passion at nature's core. They are like a passionate glint in the eye of a demure maiden.

The heliotrope is in bloom now, covering fences and buildings, and making the air heavy with the fragrance of delicate mauve flowers.

In Argolis

The little moth-eaten donkey that will turn the well-sweep by and by, when the mule gets tired, is eating his breakfast in a bower of heliotrope. His shed is overrun with it. Nature here is like a woman who comes into an unattractive house and makes it beautiful. She has good taste, and she is redolent of love. How daintily she has hung ferns about the mouth of this old well, and has laid mosses over the ugly stones! For yonder dead tree she is weaving a covering of wild poverty-vine, and it will soon be a tower, snowed thick with pale blossoms, faintly and exquisitely fragrant.

One entire side of the gardener's house is covered with Bankshire roses, small and yellow; and the path from here to the sea is lined with April roses, dark red, that have lingered into May. The jasmine is everywhere, tossing its white and yellow petals to the breeze, and mingling its fragrance with that of the heliotrope.

Elene, the Dada, is a handsome woman of the lithe yet voluptuous type. Her movements are as undulating and easy as those of a plump tigress. She has a pile of soft brown hair that she "does up" in a Psyche knot; her eyes are extraordinarily liquid and tender, and her teeth perfect

STREET SCENE

and white as grains of rice. Her cheeks are as brown as partly-colored meerschaum, her hands and feet are small. Elene is a typical Andriote, — the island famed, as was Sparta of old, for wet-nurses. As she stands there now under the trees beating the clothes, there is poetry in her every attitude. Rhythmically she sways and bends as she swings the paddle, and all the while she is moving through a mesh of woven light and shadow. The Paramana, who is a veritable treasure-house of rhymed proverbs, distichs, and folk-songs, rocks the baby to and fro and sings the ballad of the Chiote maiden. It is a foolish, innocent thing, with a refrain in which a girl is compared alternately to a lemon tree and a bitter orange tree.

"Chiote maidens and priests' daughters were washing their clothes down by the sea-shore. And one was a little maiden in the bloom of youth, like a lemon tree. And she washed her clothes, and she spread them out to dry, and she played in the sand — this dewy lemon tree. And a sail passed by, golden, beautiful. It gleamed in the sun, and the oars gleamed. And Boreas blew, a northwest wind and a north; and Boreas blew, and it lifted up her skirt, and her ankle was seen.

And the sea gleamed, and the whole world was bright, and the sea gleamed — little maiden, dewy little lemon tree!"

What nonsense that is to us! yet it might bring tears to the eyes of a Greek woman in exile. Poetry appeals to the emotions and the imagination, not to the reason. It has to do with the associations of words rather than with their meaning. To the exile Greek, that foolish song might call up a picture of a long sea-reach, of a white village on the hillside, and of one little cottage dearer than all. It might sound like an echo of voices silent forever, and arouse memories of lost love and youthful fellowship.

The Greek women wash by the sea-shore, when fresh water is not convenient, and spread the clothes out upon the sand to dry. Often you will see yards and yards of snowy fustanellas unfolded upon the beach. Voluminous as the skirts of the Greek gentleman appear to be, the amount of material in them is always a revelation when one actually beholds it pulled out into a long strip. A Greek can soil his fustanellas in ten minutes; and it takes his wife the better part of three days to wash, starch, and iron them.

XXXV

In Argolis

NAUSICAA passed here yesterday, seated astride of a donkey. She was neatly dressed in blue homespun, and her sister sat behind her, directly over the animal's legs. Her mother, a wholesome-looking peasant woman, was walking, and driving another donkey, laden with a great mountain of soiled linen and other wearing apparel. An enormous copper kettle, bound to one side of the mountain, blazed intolerably except for its blackened bottom. The little caravan was on its way to Heftamyloi, or Seven Mills, to do a washing that had been collecting during —no one knows how long. There are many gushing springs at Heftamyloi, which is situated high up in the hills. These springs furnish power for several old-fashioned water-mills, where the farmers take their grain to be ground.

Every man has moments when he is discontented with his lot, when he dreams that he would like to be something as widely different as possible from what he is,—an Arab sheik, for instance, dwelling in a tent in the desert; a South-Sea trader, captain of a pearling vessel; or the Grand Llama of Llassa. When I have the blues, I sometimes wish I were the Sultan of

In Argolis

Sulu; and at other times that I were one of those millers up there in the mountains of Argolis. The air they drink is champagne of a most divine blending — sea breeze and mountain breeze. The waters sing to them and work for them, so that they have nothing to do but sit in the shade of the great platane trees and look down upon the rest of the world. Silver-white olive orchards, red ploughed fields, molten gleaming seas, purple islands, are all spread out below them like a mighty panorama. The miller sees the ships, their sails no bigger than pocket handkerchiefs, come into the harbor; he watches them open their wings and fly away, but he asks not whence they come or whither they go. He is as indifferent to the cares of men as were the happy gods. There is room in his soul for no other voice than the eternal pouring of the waters and the purring of the millstones.

To this beautiful spot the maidens of the surrounding country bring the family washing every month or so, — an expedition that is often more of a picnic than a hard day's work. I never see a mountain of soiled clothing trotting by on the four legs of a donkey, that I do not think of Nausicaa. Change the donkey into a lofty

chariot drawn by mules, and the peasant woman into a princess and her beautiful attendants, and there you are. *In Argolis*

I could spare any passage of equal length out of the poets—not even excepting the Farewell in Antigone, or the fragment Hyperion—rather than that Homeric dream of the Phæacian isles. What a glorious old socialist Homer must have been at heart, despite the fact that he made his living by singing of the prowess of the nobility. Was ever labor more ingenuously and more heartfully glorified than in that incident of Nausicaa? In Homer's ideal community, the King's daughter helps with the family washing, as a matter of course; and she rejoices in her task. And labor goes hand in hand with play to such an extent that you hardly realize when the work ends and the sport begins. For after those beautiful girls had put the garments into the tubs and had trodden them clear with their white feet, they spread them out upon the shining sands to dry. Then they disported in the river like nymphs, and anointed their fair limbs with oil, and ate their lunch with much chattering, no doubt, and no end of silvery laughter. After which they played at ball, and Nausicaa led them in song. In

In Argolis

mentioning that game of ball, old Homer does not fail to speak of the participants as "white-armed" —and that one adjective brings the whole graceful, lovely, æsthetic, joyous tableau up before us: the princess, most beautiful where all are fair, the flying draperies, the lithe movements and unconscious classic poses; the little river, the sea-shore, and the sea.

Speaking of springs on the mountain-side, and of rivulets that turn mill-wheels, reminds me that water plays an important *rôle* in the thought and the figurative language of modern Greece. It is one of the symbols of hospitality. After you have been in a Greek's house five minutes, some member of the family invariably appears with a glass of water and a jar of preserved orange leaves, masticha, or small bitter lemons, of which you are expected to take a teaspoonful; or a glass of water and a little pile of Turkish delight, in white and pink cubes; or a glass of water and a cup of Eastern coffee. In a dry tropic land, where rain does not fall for six months in the year, where there are few streams of any size and not too many smaller ones, water becomes a highly prized and beautiful thing. Beauty is, after all, only the inherent power to excite desire — desire

to have, to seek, to taste. We cannot hang the moon up in our drawing-room, yet how could we get along without—not her light—but the sheer loveliness of her?

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God!" cries the Psalmist, in a rapture of religious exaltation. I suppose no man can properly appreciate the beauty of that figure who has not been real dry once,—chasing a mirage of lying palms over a desert, for instance, or shipwrecked on a barren rock. Whenever a Greek speaks of his native village (he always refers to his native village or island as *πατρίδα μου*, my native land), he never fails of enthusiasm over the beautiful water—such water as does not exist elsewhere in the world, "*elaphro, conevtiko!*" (light, digestive); and probably this water really possesses some wonderful curative properties, which accounts for the old age to which many of the villagers attain. A man who has acquired a competence "drinks his cold water at his ease," and the Greek lover calls his sweetheart "cold water" more often than any other term of endearment, not because she is chilling in her demeanor, but rather that she is a lovely and desirable thing,

In Argolis

—a thing that one thirsts after, and dies if he does not get. In the popular distichs, of which the peasantry know a whole literature, some of them nonsensical and others genuinely poetical, water is not forgotten. Here is a rough translation of one:

My little angel, sugar sweet, angelic honey maiden,
Oh, sweeter than cold water is, that angels drink in Aiden!

In my little poem "Aphróessa," that I wrote down here one summer, *con tante, tante amore*, I attempted to translate the Oriental figure into English. The shepherd says to the Nereid:

"You are more sweet,
Yea, more delicious than cold water is
Found suddenly by one who raves for drink
In desert sands. So do I long for you,
So do I look and thirst, but cannot drink."

XXXVI

OUR slumbers had been disturbed for several nights by the sound of stealthy and muffled singing proceeding from the depths of the lemon orchard; and at last I mentioned the matter to our neighbor, Kyrios Alexandros Douzinas, proprietor of the adjoining estate.

"*Einai e dada sou!*" (It's your nurse) he exclaimed immediately, and with conviction. *In Argolis*

"Why, no," I replied; "that's impossible, as it's a man's voice."

"You don't understand," said Kyrios Alexandros, much amused at my simplicity. "Some one is courting your nurse. He stands among the trees and sings or looks up at her window. If she wishes to encourage him, she appears somewhere, probably on the balcony, and looks down at him."

"And how long do they stand thus, gazing at each other?"

"Oh, all night, if they're very much in love. If she goes back into the house, he will begin to sing again."

It seems that the whole neighborhood, for miles around, had known of the affair for some time, but had been governed, so far as we were concerned, by the etiquette which holds in the case of deceived husbands. Everybody finds out what is going on, except the husband. Meetso is Elene's lover, a wild, harum-scarum lad, who earns his livelihood by taking care of a garden. He gets drunk frequently, and rides a mule at breakneck speed down the narrow lane that

skirts the back end of our enclosure. At such times his yells would do credit to a cowboy gone amuck, and the stones scatter from the feet of his mount like grasshoppers scurrying out of danger. He tells Elene, says Kyrios Douzinas, that he goes on these sprees to forget his love for her; and she believes him, though he has been a notorious bibber and good-for-naught for years.

I was angry at first that my rest should be disturbed in this way, and started home with the intention of making a row; but the romantic elements of the situation soon presented themselves to me, and I saw that Meetso had some right on his side. Moonlight, lemon trees, nightingales, the Mediterranean, two great brown eyes shining down through half-closed shutters, —why, certainly. The fellow would have been a veritable clod had he not risen to the occasion. As it is, he has made himself obnoxious to me by his fervid devotion to the three most romantic things on earth: wine, woman, and song. And I have sometimes fancied myself a poet! Why, could I do my part as well as this young Romeo, this Cyrano, is doing his, I should be able to idealize the actors in our balcony scene, and produce a dainty and ethereal comedy. But, alas!

I shall probably tell the Kyria what I have heard, and she will speak to Elene about the matter. The Kyria would gladly put an end to the muffled serenading, as she has an idea that it penetrates the Family's slumbers and causes that all-important personage to toss in her sleep. *In Argolis*

Meetso has quite a large repertory; and the boy sings well, too, for a Greek. He gave us "The Shepherd's Daughter" the other night, as I expected he would. Nobody can live in this country six months without knowing Ἡ βοσκοπούλου by heart. It is sung and recited continually in the theatres, and every peasant knows it.

"*Long since I loved a charming girl, she was a shepherd's daughter.*
Oh, love to me was very sad,
For I was but a tiny lad
Of ten when my heart sought her.

"*We sat among the flowers one day, in sweet idyllic fashion;*
'Mary, my dear, I love you so!
Mary,' said I, 'you ought to know
I'm dying of this passion!'

"*She hugged me close, and kissed my lips—oh, first and best of kisses!*
'Fie, fie,' she laughed, 'you are too small,

You cannot comprehend at all
Love's torments or its blisses!'

"*When I grew big, and sought her heart, 'twas lost to me forever;*
She has forgotten me ere this,
But I'll forget that honeyed kiss
Among the flowers—never!"

Meetso has wailed out his passion in enough distichs, too, to fill a book,—which must give him great prestige in Elene's estimation, for wide knowledge of popular rhymes is a much-prized accomplishment. I understand now how the legends of Troy may have been handed down from generation to generation before writing was invented. In the same manner the folk-poetry of Greece is being transmitted to-day among peasantry who can neither read nor write. I have made a confidante of the Paramana, and she has told me a large number of couplets, which are sung in a high monotonous key, with, it seems to me, the frequent chorus of "*Agape mou-ou-ou!*" (my love). But that may be Meetso's special touch. These couplets are almost untranslatable. I have been turning a few of them into English rhyme, but I know the Greek well enough to see that there is no real connection between my

verses and the Greek. A translation of a poem bears, at best, about the same relation to the original that a poorly executed statue bears to a beautiful woman with a soul in her. But here they are:

In Argolis

"*I sent unto your sleeping-room some basil sweet and tender;*
And when you cut and smell of it, oh, think upon the sender!

"*If I should die at last of love, my grave with basil cover,*
And may you water it sometimes with tears for your poor lover!

"*Is't not a thing that's quite unjust, and shameful past all telling,*
That with such lovely neighbors I in loneliness am dwelling?

"*I would the sky were paper and that ink filled full the sea,*
That I might tell you, darling, how dear you are to me!

"*Awake, arise! for Love goes by, he'll crown you as he passes,*
Because you are in all the world the loveliest of lasses.

"*Oh, if you were the very queen, 't would not add to your graces,*
Chief pride of all the neighborhood, queen flower of lovely faces!

In Argolis

"The daughter of the queen herself, somehow your beauty misses,
Who, if you would, for priceless pearls could trade your dewy kisses.

"Now tell me how it profits you to torture me thus vainly,
Oh, lay aside your cruelty and speak your feelings plainly.

"I'll take two and forty rowers and a boat both strong and light,
And with sixty pallikaria I'll steal you some fine night!"

Through Meetso's intervention in the affairs of our family, I have learned much of love-making in modern Greece. Favorite terms of endearment, for instance, are "my life, my love, my heart, my soul, my little bird." In the dance songs, which are the real demotic songs, a maiden is often compared to a lemon tree, and her favors to lemons. One popular ballad, which Meetso regaled us with the other evening, is antiphonal. The swain demands a lemon from the tree, which of course is the most beautiful one in the garden, and the lady replies that the effendi (and I greatly fear that an absent husband is meant) has them all counted. Finally the lover becomes indignant, and exclaims: "May you grow old and

yellow, and may your leaves fall, and may you dry up—you, who have caused me to wither, who have lost my wits for love of you!" *In Argolis*

Of course Elene could not betray herself by singing the woman's part, so Meetso changed his voice at that place and made a very good female impersonator. If it was n't for the Babycoula, I could hold my wife back until I obtained Meetso's entire repertory. By the way, this comparison of a woman to a tree has an antique flavor. In the modern song 'tis a lady's favors that grow high up and are plucked with difficulty; in Sappho 'tis the sweet creature herself who is the fruit:

"*Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,*
A-top on the topmost twig—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

"*Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,*
Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground."

Whenever I read those two unapproachable stanzas, I resolve never to translate another bit

of verse. I imagine that the first thing Sappho did when she met Rossetti in heaven was to shake him by the hand and say:

"Thanks, brother; that 's exactly the way I should have written it, had English been my medium."

XXXVII

THE bright colors are fast withering before the fierce eye of June. It is all a memory now: the carnival of flowers and perfumes, beginning in February when the almond trees shake out their white handkerchiefs and fling their *confetti* of scented leaves to the breeze; the revel of anemones, tilting their myriad cups on the plain; the vast invasion of fierce poppies; the plots of tiny wild flowers, spread here and there like Persian rugs upon the vivid grass. But the oleander is with us, in brilliant sporadic clumps that remind me again and again of Moses and his burning bush, or choking the deep ravines with a tumbled flood of pink and white blossoms. Standing at a distance and looking up one of these narrow defiles, it seems to be pouring down a freshet of wine.

There is an oleander bush at our back door, and a sea-anemone clinging to the pier by our porch. It is the most brilliant crimson imaginable, and spreads out into a tremulous flower-like shape, whose beauty of color and symmetry would put a rose to shame. And, most wonderful of all, this sea-anemone is alive; for if you approach too near it with stick or finger, it shrinks suddenly into a crevice of rock and disappears. Belonging almost to the lowest order of animals, often spoken of as a connecting link between the animal and plant kingdoms, I cannot help thinking that this strange creature is more worthy of God's grace than some men. Like many men, it knows nothing save to feed and be afraid, it is true; but then it feeds harmlessly, taking no more than it needs, and it is beautiful. I wonder if it has a soul? Many people believe that plants have souls, and such would surely not deny a future existence to my sea-anemone. In ancient times, as Ovid and other truthful writers tell us, nymphs and humans were changed into trees. In later days, sorcerers metamorphosed people into trees, that revealed their identity by groans and even by spoken words. Dante's grewsome imagination has seized upon this idea to

construct an uncanny grove, whose branches bled when they were broken off by the unwitting passer-by. There were souls in all such trees, of course.

There are star-fish, too, in the shallow sea that washes our little stretch of beach, as perfect in shape as though they had dropped down from heaven and shied with a little quenching hiss to the bottom. The Kyria discovered the first one, and came running into my writing-room in great excitement.

"Come down!" she cried; "I will show you the strangest thing."

I went down and followed her, where she went tiptoeing over the shining sands with outstretched arm and pointing finger. At last the arm slowly descended and the finger pointed to a spot in the sea where the waters were as shallow as the edge of a thin wedge. I looked and looked.

"Well?" I said at last.

"It was a star-fish," said the Kyria; "the most beautiful star-fish that ever was. If you only *would* come quick when anybody tells you to! Where do you suppose he is now?"

A few days later I solved the mystery of the

disappearance of the star-fish. It seems they are always disappearing, as nearly as I can find out by close and repeated observation. There lay one upon a bed of sand, a hitherward shape out of all the infinite variety that holds the life of the sea; and as I looked, he gradually sank into the level sand, so insidiously that he seemed to fade away rather than to dig downward. First he was a high, then a low, relief; then a painting, then an etching; and lastly, but a memory. How he did it, the men who know such things will have to explain. All I know is that if you watched him closely the sand seemed to boil all around his edges, and that he went down into it. To one standing a little way off he appeared to fade from the floor of the sea as the star from the sky at early dawn.

There's another curious denizen of the waters that ripple and plash invitingly about our bath-house. Occasionally in the morning we find the floor of the sea covered with creatures that look exactly like detached links of Frankfurter sausage,—some straight, some bent more or less. The fact that they never move except as the waves drift them sluggishly to and fro enhances the resemblance. I have occasionally trod on

In Argolis

one, with no injury to the marine sausage or myself; from which I should infer that they were harmless.

These creatures apparently have no organs of any kind, of perception or feeling. Like Shakespeare's man in the last stage, they are "sans everything." Yet take one out of its natural element and lay it on the shore, and it will begin to roll slowly toward the sea. Is not this a sublime, a beautiful thing,—this yearning after the infinite by a poor blind deaf and dumb creature? I'm not going to look up my sea-sausage in the books of the men who know things. I don't care what his Latin name is, nor his moral character. He is my brother.

XXXVIII

WHEN Elene comes down from the well these days, with the two-handled water-jar (*diota*) upon her shoulder, there is sure to be a sprig of myrtle tucked into the mouth of the jug. Myrtle is greatly admired in Greece, as is also basil. If you give a sprig of the former to a member of the opposite sex, it is the equivalent of saying, "I have loved you a long time."

To present anyone with a bunch of basil means, "I am glad to see you." It is hard to find a Greek house without one or more basil pots in it, and it is the invariable custom to break off a sprig and hand it to each welcome guest. Maidens usually keep pots of this bushy, thickly growing, aromatic herb in their bedrooms,—a fact which brings home to us the sad old tale of Isabella and her basil pot, made into such melting poesy by Keats. There are some pretty verses in modern Greek by the well-known poet George Paraschos. They begin: *In Argolis*

"*Since you have given pleasure to a certain charming maiden,*
Among all plants I love the best your leaves with perfume laden.
I kiss her photograph; and then, to show how much I love you,
I hold you sacred as her breath, and yet I'm jealous of you!"

Elene has voluntarily assumed the duties of water-carrier, because the function reminds her of her childhood home in the little village of Batse, Andros. All the water which that town uses is brought by the women from a distant well. Elene is quite carried away, too, at the sight of

the women cutting the grain out in our orchard. There they are in a row, bending and rising all together, while with crooked sickles they reap the yellow wheat. Clad in blue blouses, their bodies bend lithely, and they work with a happy will. They are in shadow, and yet a clear, luminous shadow, that gives a sort of half-tone effect, and makes their forms very distinct,—like a painting by Millet.

This is a primitive mode of reaping, you will say, more fitting the days of Boaz than the twentieth century. But have I not said that Greece is in the "Unchangeable East"? If you ask a Greek when he is going to Europe, he will immediately bridle, and protest, "Why, we are in Europe now." But when the natives are talking with each other, they always speak of going "to Europe."

We even antedate the invention of flails by a couple of thousand years, more or less, in this country. There is a threshing-place in my neighbor's garden, down by the sea-shore, a great circle trod in the ground by the hoofs of many horses. The farmers from far and near bring their grain there upon donkeys, so completely covered and laden that one sees only strings of wheat-stacks

sliding along down all the country lanes toward the threshing-places. The thresher hitches up six or eight horses abreast, and he attaches the numerous team by means of a long rope to a peg. Then, with much shouting and cracking of a long whip, he drives them furiously round and round until they are wound up; after which he unwinds them again. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," said Moses, three thousand five hundred years ago, more or less; and I am glad to say that these horses are never muzzled, and that they occasionally succeed in taking a mouthful of toll. *In Argolis*

The grain will be winnowed, later on, by simply tossing it in the air and letting the wind blow away the straw and chaff. And it will not all of it be ground by our happy friend up at Heftamyloi, on the side of the mountain, nor by the dusty yokels who run the old-fashioned windmills that one sees here and there on a breeze-swept plain or on the summit of a hill, beckoning with long arms; much of it will be made into flour by women sitting squat in gardens or in the shade of their houses, gossiping and grinding. When the day of judgment comes, they will be there, all over the Orient, just as they were

In Argolis in the Saviour's time; "and one shall be taken and the other left."

XXXIX

IT is August, and the early mornings are pink, the noons white, the long afternoons yellow, the evenings purple. De Cou is down here now,—Herbert De Cou, Master of Arts, big philological star, authority on Heræum bronzes. He and I arise before sun-up, while the pink in the eastern sky is indescribably faint and delicate. As we run out on the plank bridge that leads to the little bath-house, a grateful chill strikes through our cotton night-clothes. We were half awake when we arose; now we are two-thirds awake. We plunge into the cool sea, and the process is complete.

We always remain in the water until the sun slides up behind the white town and pours our little world full of glory. Even then, De Cou doesn't come in, but remains far out for an hour or more, treading water, enjoying himself like a troglodyte of the Nile, blissfully oblivious of the fact that his semi-bald head is crammed to bursting with Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, Finnish,

Icelandic, and Gothic. I stand upon the balcony and watch him. His body is invisible. The water decapitates him just below the chin, and his head at this distance looks exactly like a melon, rolling upon the gentle waves. After our swim, we have coffee; and then Loukas rows us across to the market. *In Argolis*

We are Lordi over in Poros. We engage in no visible toil, we live in a fifteen-dollar-a-month house, and we seem to have plenty of money.

Yesterday, as I was stepping out upon the wharf, a tall shepherd with a red handkerchief tied about his head and a long crook in his hand, came and asked me, "Where is the court house?" I started to tell him, but ere I could finish the sentence an officious Poriote ran up in great excitement and pushed the shepherd away, exclaiming, "Δὲν εἶναι δι' ἐρωτήματα· εἶναι ἕνας πλούσιος." (He's not a man to be questioned. He's a rich man!) I wish I could describe with what unction and how lingeringly my officious friend dwelt on the ου of the "πλούσιος."

Alas, the canker in the bud! For us this sweet sea, these tender skies, these purple mountains, these flocks of blessed islands floating like swans side by side, are the boundaries and adornments

of our refuge from the sordid world. Here money is never mentioned, except for the brief moments when we are paying the butcher and baker. We feel that we are far away from the swarms of gold-blighted humanity, who devote their God-given intellects to the getting of lucre,—millions and millions of people all thinking about money, talking about money, dreaming about money; slaving for it, starving their souls for it, writing for it, lying for it, preaching for it!

But our haven exists only in our own minds, after all. These people who live here, with the everlasting benediction of all this beauty on their souls, worship mammon too. They think a soiled and ragged ten-drachma note more beautiful than a bunch of fresh violets. It was all revealed to me by the adoration in my officious friend's voice. "He isn't to be questioned. He's a rich man!"

The Vasilika, or royal figs, have come in, and we usually find a heaping plateful of them ready for us when we get back to the house, brought in by some bucolic friend. They are black, heavy as lead, and have a sort of oily skin. Some of them are overful of honey, and ooze their delicious dew from tiny rifts.

We "work" till twelve o'clock. The Kyria plans the Babycoula's future, I write, and De Cou stuffs his head with more Hebrew, Albanian, Persian, and Icelandic. Then comes breakfast, and after breakfast the siesta. Delicious siesta! Up to the time the cigarettes are lighted, and while you are still sipping the Turkish coffee, conversation is brisk enough. And nobody says, "Well, I guess I'll go and take a nap." The downy, fanning wing of sleep is not heard at all. The first man to be overpowered rises and steals away, no matter who is talking; or he himself stops in the middle of a sentence, unable to go on, utterly forgetful of its beginning or subject. One by one they seek their dim chambers and the soothing of the cool sheets. And the cicadas sing in the olive trees.

About four o'clock we all come to life again, and usually go sailing with Loukas. Dinner is eaten on the balcony, with the whispering and lapping of the waves for music. Our candle-flame is protected from the wind by means of a little glass globe, which is also a merciful provision, as it saves the lives of the dainty soft-eyed creatures who people the vast night and flit in to visit us. The heavens are spattered thick with

stars, and the lights of the little town yonder begem the darkness like a cluster of stars drifted seaward. Along the pier are a dozen or more street lamps whose long reflections in the water look to us like spiles of light set in a row. Somewhere in the darkness there is a sound of paddles, and the voice of a homing fisherman, singing a love song.

Evening star, thou bringest home
All that morning scattered wide;
To the fold the cattle come,
Children seek the mother's side.

And thou bringest back again,
Through the starlight wan and dim,
With a song the fisher swain
Where his sweetheart waits for him.

When the moon rises, the little town steals from the blackness, and stands out very distinct against the hillside,—whitish gray in color, the very ghost of a town. Anon, music comes floating across the sea, and we get into our boat again to sail over and hear the marine band, for Poros is a naval station. We do not land, but lie in the stern, gently rocked by the waves. And when we go back, there is a soft breeze, just strong

enough to lift the three-cornered sail out ahead of the prow and to round it like the breast of a dove. We are rippling over a mirror of pale silver, between two heavens full of stars. Whenever Loukas dips his oar in the water, the phosphorescence glows as though he had thrust it into a bed of coals. For many minutes we were wafted through the silent yet ecstatic beauty of the night, hearing no sound save the whispering of the waters about the prow, our souls steeped in poetry. As we approach the pier we can see Elene standing by a pillar, holding a lamp high above her head and peering into the darkness. *In Argolis*

XL

ALL the world went to the monastery of the Zoödochos Pege, or the "Life-giving Fount," yesterday; and we went too. We should have known that a festival was in progress, had we not been already apprised of the fact, by the boat-loads of furniture that went by the house in the early morning, and even the night before. We took a long-boat—the Kyria, myself, the Family, and the servants—with four bare-legged rowers, who rose from the seat at each

dip of the oar, and threw the entire weight of their bodies into the stroke. We skirted the town as the people in a stage-boat slide by the houses painted on the scenery. Through the narrow mouth of the harbor we passed, and then we felt beneath us the long strong stride of the open sea. At our right was Leondari, an island that looks precisely like a crouching lion; and at the left, a little fleck of white in a crevice of the pine-clad hills, is the ancient monastery.

As we approach the pier, we can see the bottom of the ocean lifting slowly toward us, its clear depths studded with waving branches of sponge, with coral and rocks through which the swirling waters have washed many an arch and fantastic passageway. Up the dusty winding road we climb, with the mountain rising like a wall on one side, and the olive orchard of the monks below us on the other. As we reach the little plateau whereon the buildings stand, we see old brother Andreas sitting in the sun, clad in a rough cassock of coarse woollen homespun, belted with a dangling rope. He is considerably over a hundred years of age, and he came here to live when he was a boy. In his younger days, when the monastery was rich in roaming flocks, this good

brother's work was to tend sheep; and he still carries his crook. There it is, lying by his side. His mind is almost a blank now, and there is not much strength left in his body; yet he still lingers on, in perfect health and free from pain. There is no chance for him to get sick here, among the pines and at the lips of the sea; his vitality has never been undermined by the canker of ambition, or the haunting fear that his loved ones might suffer privations of bread or of opera-cloaks. In the old natural days, when men lived in the open and killed game with clubs, the superannuated were apt to linger on beyond all reason, and until patience was exhausted. Unless they were knocked in the head when they had carried the thing to extremes, there was no good reason why they should ever die. There were no draughty houses to kill them off, no bad plumbing or whiskey, no tobacco, no bad business years, no sentimental love. The monks of Zoödochos Pege cannot give Father Andreas his quietus; so the life must die out of him as the flame from a lamp whose oil is exhausted, drop by drop.

In Argolis

There is a two-story porch shading the cells of this monastery, which all open upon the

In Argolis

court. You can see the monks in their long black cassocks walking to and fro there any day; but, alas! they are well-fed and portly gentlemen, with crossed wrists reposing upon convenient paunches. No pale scholar paces up and down, with eager eyes burning into a book.

The monks' kitchen is a Homeric affair, their cooking-range being a great cube of masonry on the top of which a fire is built for roasting meats and boiling the kettle that is hung upon a crane. The smoke, when it rises, escapes through a hole in the roof.

There is a deep ravine, ablaze with oleanders, in front of the monastery, and on the other side of it is the tiny plateau where the festival is held. There, too, is the rock from which flows the spring of cold water supposed to possess miraculous powers of healing. Two great platane trees shade the spot; steep mountains bristling with pines rise all around it; and a tiny mirror of sea, dazzlingly bright, gleams in the distance.

The festival was in full swing when we arrived, Elene proudly carrying the Family, while Katina and Loukas bore the hamper between them "in the fear of God."

At little booths, men were selling resin wine,

pieces of roast pig and of lamb *à la pallikari*, cantaloupes, *kourabiedhes* (kite-shaped cakes made very "short" with butter), and cups of Turkish coffee; and all the afternoon we ate, talked, sang, and danced. Some of us went over to the monastery and listened to a liturgy, and all of us sooner or later lighted a candle. *In Argolis*

We ate prodigiously of young lamb, and we attacked huge piles of salad—Italian lettuce, cucumbers, garlic—with an avidity that might make the ghost of Nebuchadnezzar envious. We talked like children, with all their youthful volubility and enthusiasm; and we drank the pure genial wine till it set our hearts aglow. And we danced all in a line, each taking hold of the handkerchief and doing his stint with his lady's eye upon him. How the leader leapt in the air and whirled about, diving under his arm and the handkerchief! What extraordinary steps he executed, and how his face glowed at the bravos and handslappings! The lad who made our music, playing upon some sort of scrannel pipe of but two or three stops, was fairly translated by the frenzy of his genius. He puffed out his cheeks till he seemed one of the Winds on an old relief; he bent double, he straightened himself, he rose

tiptoe after the thin notes. And we sang, too, in tune to the pipe, several of those songs which custom licenses in connection with the dance, but which are a trifle indecorous under other circumstances.

Not so very far from here, on this same island, is the spot where the great Demosthenes died by poison, self-administered. On a small plateau that overlooks a tiny bay and the broad waterway from Athens, sprinkled thick with islands, are the ruins of Poseidon's temple. From that eminence he could see the sails of his pursuers approaching. By committing suicide he escaped a disgraceful death,—for failure is disgrace, and success glory, according to the standards of this world. Archæologists love to speculate as to the very spot where the orator lay as he gazed with dimming eyes upon a world where it seemed to him that liberty had failed forever. How it would have comforted him could he but have known that no honest blow for freedom ever fails, and that his own Philippics are crying "Beware!" adown the centuries.

We sailed home over the wide and affluent sea with a following wind. We were racing with another boat, that balanced one moment on the

top of a wave and disappeared the next, leaving only the mast visible, with its white sail, as though it had been stuck in the sand. *In Argolis*

XLI

PURE wine is genial in its effects. It promotes the flow of wit, it makes good-fellowship possible even between the wise and the foolish, it draws the sting of the bore, it strengthens faith and hope and charity, and is thereby an ally of true religion. Moreover, it does not unjoint the sutures of the cranium the next morning; neither does it leave the nerves in the condition of white-hot wires. The Greeks have not yet learned to adulterate their wines, and there is less intoxication in this country than in prohibition Kansas, — oh, a great deal less. There was a time when Greek vintages were famous throughout the bibbing world, as are those of France to-day; and that time is coming back again, for the same grapes are still warmed by the same sun, and their blood is just as delicious as it ever was. All the Greek wines need is proper exploitation; and that they are beginning to get at the hands of the Germans and of the natives

of the country themselves. An Irishman, lately deceased, made a fortune out of vineyards in Kephallenia, and the "Oinoi Tool" — shade of John Keats! — are famous in Greece. Fancy Ganymede offering Aphrodite a beaker of Tool wine! In Ithaca, the home of Odysseus, excellent wines are made, much lighter than the black, sweet sort which the wily wanderer took with him when he went to the land of the Cyclops — "pleasant, pure, a divine drink, that gave out an agreeable odor when poured into the cup." (Odyssey, ix. 248.) Odysseus, when he went on shore, took a goat-skin of it, a sort of receptacle that is common in Greece to-day. In the vintage season one can see long strings of carts driven into Athens, laden with skins bulging with unfermented wine. It was such a skin as this that Don Quixote, in a valiant moment, rove to the chine.

They were good honest drinkers in the ancient days, judging from the size of Nestor's loving-cup:

> "*Scarce might another move it from the board*
> *When full: but aged Nestor raised with ease.*
> *In this, their goddess-like attendant first*
> *A generous measure mixed of Pramnian wine.*"

But oh, how tastes change in the long lapse of ages! For listen to this: *In Argolis*

"*Then with a brazen grater shredded o'er*
The goat's-milk cheese, and whitest barley meal,
And of the draught compounded bade them drink."

What sort of a concoction was that? Aristophanes says that the Athenians disliked the harsh Pramnian wine which shrivelled the features and obstructed the digestive organs. We may take for granted that the Attic palate had also outgrown the taste for grated goat's-milk cheese and barley meal. The Greeks still mix water with their wine, as they did in ancient days; and some of the brands, notoriously that of Solon, smell as though they were faintly perfumed. The wines of Greece were extensively used in England in Plantagenet times, and King James used to get disgustingly drunk on them. Malmsey was a famous wine in mediæval times. The Italians characterized it as "manna to the mouth and balsam to the brain." It was twopence a quart in England in the year in which Columbus discovered America, — cheap enough to drown a man in, if he were a prince.

2 Murd. *Look behind you, my lord.*

In Argolis

1 Murd. *Take that, and that; if all this will not do* (stabs him), *I 'll drown you in the Malmsey-butt within.* (Exit with the body.)

Malmsey was made by Cretan priests. At the present day the King of Greece encourages the wine industry, and his Chateau Decélie, made from his vineyards at Dekeleia, where the Spartans once lay in camp and whence they harassed the Attic plain, is an excellent table beverage, much esteemed in England. The red Decélie is a pure claret; the white resembles an excellent brand of Rhine wine, only much smoother. Chateau La Tour, another delicious Greek table wine, is a specialty of the Grand Hotel in Paris. Among the dessert wines of Greece, the most famous are Samos and Mavrodaphne. The latter is a very sweet, heavy drink, well known in Germany and America. It is possible that alcohol is added to it before it is put in bottles for exportation. At any rate, this wine is more responsible than any other for the general impression that the products of the Greek vineyards are heady and intoxicating. Samos wine is chiefly famous through the splendid lines written on it by Lord Byron, in his poem on "The Isles of Greece":

In Argolis

"*Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!*
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidon blood might own."

This is true especially with reference to the Suliote women, who have a way of blowing themselves up, or leaping, singing, from precipices, when hard pressed. But it is doubtful if any of these ever drew courage from bowls of Samian wine.

Retsinato is the real *vin ordinaire* of the Greeks. It is straw-colored or amber-colored, and is flavored with resin, to obtain which the pine trees are tapped, very much as we tap sugar-maple trees in America. Retsinato is generally disgusting to foreigners, but is greatly enjoyed by those who have acquired the taste for it. After all, when properly prepared it is no more bitter than beer. Most Greek scholars and archæologists pretend that they like it,—for it is believed that the ancients flavored their wine with resin.

XLII

THE "Ægina" comes in at sunset. She is the little tramp steamer which plies between Athens and Poros. Every morning she leaves before sunrise, and her return is one of the momentous happenings of the Poriote's day. When the yellow afternoon is drawing to a close, and the hotel-keeper begins to take down the awning from over his tables, then the little boats put out from the pier. The old men, too, leave their dominoes and *narghiledhes*, and come out from the *café* to look up the strait, shading their eyes with trembling hands.

Where the steamer emerges, a tongue of land overlaps the mouth of the narrow waterway, covering it completely and giving the appearance of an unbroken mountain wall. The first herald, therefore, of the steamer's approach is a slender plume of smoke, tiptoeing toward us over the distant hill-tops. Some keen-eyed bootblack is sure to see it first, and he swings his box as though it were a sling, and yells: "Ægina! Ægina!" The vessel steals mysteriously into sight, like a picture thrown upon a screen. You cannot see her debouch, yet as you stand straining your eyes you become aware all at once of

a shadowy object, shaped like a ship, painted against the heathery gray background of the hills. As she nears home, the little row-boats huddle about her like a flock of children clinging to their mother's skirts.

I do not know what the people of Poros would do for excitement were it not for the "Ægina." There is always the possibility that the grocer or the shoemaker or the priest may get a letter, that some stranger may come down to spend a few days, or that the captain may have heard some news.

On one memorable occasion, an upright piano arrived, ordered by the young doctor, who had just married fifty thousand drachmas.

"What is it? What is it?" cried some one; and a crowd began to gather, each man demanding of his neighbor, "What is it? Whose is it?" At last some travelled person pronounced it a "*kleidhokymballon*," which is the Greek word for piano; and then the inquiries were reduced to, "Whose is it?"

As the row-boat containing it approached the wharf, the doctor stepped majestically down and began to give orders:

"Hey there, stupid! don't scratch it!—you,

Yanne, hold tighter to your end."

He was immediately surrounded by a throng. "Is it yours?" "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Bah!" replied the doctor. "Is a little thing like this to be spoken of? Does a gentleman have the town crier announce it, every time he buys a *kleidhokymballon?*"

That was the supreme triumph of his life.

The sun sets behind the "Sleeping Woman," as we call a mountain mass, visible from our front balcony, which looks weirdly like a great giantess, asleep upon her back, with her knees drawn up. Wonderfully noble and classic are the features, serene unto death, and yet with the intelligence of life. We think of her as one who shall awaken when the world is old, who went to sleep when the dead gods were young. Through the dynasties of Egypt she slumbered, — through the snow-flake years of Mycenæ, Athens, and Rome, through the mushroom growth and decay of Venice and the Eastern Empire. She will be sleeping still when Paris is a desolate marsh, and when Chinese is spoken in Berlin. She will awake one day in the darkness of the dead world, perhaps, and call for Saturn and the Titans. But their names will have been forgotten for a million years.

As the sun stands upon Ortholithi, one of the peaks that compose this giant image, the sea glows a blood red, and the windows in the white town of Poros blaze as though the houses were afire inside, or as though the doors of a hundred furnaces had been thrown open. When the orb slides behind the mountain, the fires go out all together; the furnace doors are closed; the sea becomes quicksilver, and the houses turn ashen gray. But what a sublime glow illumines the face of the "Sleeping Woman," as she lies there with her head pillowed in the sunset! Right there, where the sun is going down, was lighted the last of the series of signal fires announcing the fall of Troy — the beacon which the watchman in the "Agamemnon" sees, reclining on his elbows on the roofs of the Atreidæ, contemplating the chorus of the stars; Ida, the Hermæon promontory of Lemnos; Athos, the watch-towers of Macistus, of Messapios; the crag of Cithæron; Mount Ægiplanctus; and from thence it passed on, a mighty beard of flame, beyond the headland that overlooks the Saronic estuary, and darted down upon the Arachnæan height. *In Argolis*

These are our last moments in Poros, and we are looking at the little white town, the sea, and

In Argolis

the purple mountains, with moist eyes. Elene and Maria are two tearful Niobes. They cannot bear the idea of living the rest of their lives without the Babycoula, the Kyria, and the Effendi. Katina, who is coming with us, is weeping just as fluently at the prospect of leaving her native land. It is Katina's final decision to cross the seas with us which has started us off. We are entirely at her mercy, for the Babycoula depends on her for the very breath of life. Yesterday we packed up everything, and Loukas rowed our belongings out to the "Ægina." The kindly villagers have come down to the breakwater, where we are taking our early coffee, to see us off. Here is the Demarch, or Mayor, big and florid, in snowy fustanellas; Alecko, our neighbor, pressing my hand again and again, and asking me if I am not his brother; the doctor, in latest European dress, saying cheerfully that we shall meet at the Paris Exposition; old Mr. Douzinas, reminding me that I promised to send him some fly-paper and sweet-corn seeds from America. And I cannot help glancing across the strait, at our house in the lemon grove, deserted but half an hour ago, yet as hopelessly sad as a body which the soul has but just left. Oh, these

HIS HONOR THE DEMARCH

violent uprootings, what a wrench they give! And to think that the Babycoula, whose image will always loom in the foreground of our beautiful summer here, is not troubled by a single misgiving or regret. She doesn't know whether she is going to Stamboul, Pago-Pago, or Chicago; and she doesn't care. But there's the last call of the whistle, we must go on board. "*Addio*, Kyr' Demarche! *Addio*, Brother Alecko! *Addio*, Iatre! *Addio*, Cherite!" *In Argolis*

They are pulling up the anchor. It is hard to realize that we are not just running up to Athens, to return in a few days. We have so loved this place, its every feature has become so familiar to us! We have dreamed such dreams here, the Kyria and I, — shall we not dream bravely to the last? So I put my arm around her and whisper, "We will make a lot of money and come back here and stay as long as we please. We'll bring the Babycoula back, and show her the place, when she gets big." The Kyria smiles up bravely at me. She's an excellent fellow-dreamer; in her heart of hearts she knows I'm no money-maker. Besides, my soul has somehow fitted this place. I have had everything I wanted here, — the beauty of the sea, the sublimity of the mountains,

In Argolis

the processions of the stars, love of wife, the laughter of a babe,—and yet I have not been crying feebly to the titanic stretches of the earth and the universe. The mountains have closed around me in a loving circle, and my metropolis has been a little town of simple folk. We are passing the house now, and the lemon grove—*our* lemon grove. I know what the Kyria is thinking of, and she knows what is passing in my mind. We will stand and watch that little house until our ship passes through the narrow channel, and the scene of the happiest summer of our lives is shut out as though a curtain had been dropped before it.

THE END

150

29